

From Secret Clan to the Divine Dynasty

- Chapter 504 The Terrifying Fischer!

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The news spread rapidly like wildfire, and the princes, ministers, and bishops of the churches across the Ouden Continent were all thrown into deep shock and buzzing discussion when they heard the astonishing news of Cyart people's great victory.

This victory not only overturned the previous perceptions of the Cyart's combat strength but also stirred up ripples like a boulder being thrown into a tranquil lake.

Soon, even the newspapers of Lorne citizens started reporting on the Cyart, and the Fischer family was mentioned... For the majority of Lorne citizens, it was the first time in their lives that they had heard of the "Fischer" family from the East and realized that they might soon become the hegemon of the Eastern Ouden Continent.

Even though the Cyart, even as potential hegemons of the East, still could not compare with the Lorne Empire, at least in terms of the influence over the land area, their territorial extent could now be mentioned in the same breath as the Lorne territory on the mainland of Ouden Continent.

Within the Seven Stars Empire, amid the resplendent gold and jewel-encrusted palace, the princes and ministers were seated together, their faces filled with disbelief and astonishment.

Some, stroking their carefully groomed beards, furrowed their brows as they struggled to process this unexpected information, while others whispered to each other, their words laced with surprise at the inscrutable strength of the Cyart people.

"How is this possible?"

A minister in a splendid robe shook his head in disbelief, "The Cyart people, that nation we once regarded as an inconsequential borderland, achieving such a remarkable victory? It is simply inconceivable!"

"Indeed," another minister echoed, his eyes flashing with confusion and curiosity, "how did they manage it? Could it be that their army hides some mysterious power unknown to us?"

"Those damned Lorne people want to expand their influence again, it's infuriating. It must be that they are supporting the despicable Cyart people in some way... The wicked alliance may be gaining the upper hand for now, but the Gods will ultimately bless us!"

The "Military God" of the Seven Stars Empire.

The great Emperor sat upon his throne, listening to the many ministers' words, yet he remained silent.

It was not until much later.

"So it is, I have come to realize that the prophecy of the end may very well be fulfilled by the Cyart... but if They truly knew, why would They prevent us from entering the East?"

He slowly lifted his head, gazing southward, his silver white hair shimmering like moonlight.

"What is all this for?"

The Emperor's words were full of doubt, and the many ministers who heard it were only inwardly bewildered, completely unable to understand the meaning behind those sentences, it seemed as though there was some terrible unknown secret known only to a very few in the world, and their Emperor of the Seven Stars Empire was one of them.

And knowing such

Meanwhile, in the solemn and sacred church of the Salvation Church, the many bishops were also engaged in heated discussion.

They were dressed in immaculate white robes, with golden crowns upon their heads, their expressions grave and serious.

"This is truly an unimaginable miracle, it seems that the Lord of Salvation has forgiven our foes."

A bishop said softly, his voice filled with awe, "The victory of the Cyart people seems as though the deities were assisting them in secret, otherwise, how could they have overcome such formidable foes?"

"This war has brought us and the Reforging Church great losses... especially the Reforging Church that even lost a cardinal... Our two cardinals are also in recovery."

There was a silence at this point.

"Indeed, the Tempest Church and the Sun Church will increase their influence, which is not good."

"Perhaps, all along we have underestimated the strength of the Cyart people," another bishop mused after a moment, continuing, "They may possess wisdom we have never understood, and some kind of unique mysterious power."

At the same time, the top echelons of Lorne were also pondering.

"The power of the Cyart people exceeds our imagination."

"But that's all there is to it, at most they can only dominate the East, once they leave, they still cannot stand on the world stage."

"Once the Cyart people entirely unify the East, they will be worthy of being our first-tier pawns, deserving of greater attention and... control." Discover hidden stories at My Virtual Library Empire

In various places across the Ouden Continent, a common understanding was gradually becoming clear in the minds of princes, ministers, and bishops.

The Cyart people, a nation once obscure and unnoticed, have now quietly risen to become a force that cannot be ignored.

Their victory was not only a heavy blow to those other three countries but also profoundly impacted the entire geopolitical landscape of the Konrad World.

Amidst the shock, new thoughts stealthily took root.

The nations on the Ouden Continent and the several True Gods Churches all began to reassess their relationships with the Cyart people, and the unfathomable depths of the Fischer family had become the most intriguing puzzle of the current times.

After the laughter and chatter of the banquet had gradually subsided, the Cyart people did not indulge in the joy of victory for too long.

Instead, their eyes shone with an even more resolute light—the desire for victory was burning in their gaze, along with a steadfast belief in the future.

The Fischer family quickly convened the Extraordinary nobility and the main forces of the Dawn Church to discuss the next steps in their strategic deployment.

"We cannot let this victory be merely a momentary glory," Darren Fischer's voice was firm and powerful, even tinged with a hint of pleasurable madness.

"We must pursue the victory relentlessly, completely annihilate our enemies, and secure a future of peace and prosperity for our descendants... whether they are Rhea People, Vallere citizens, or Carnians, they all must be conquered."

"That is the price for daring to invade us."

Upon hearing this, the Extraordinary nobility of Cyart bristled with energy, fully aware that this war was not just a territorial dispute, but also a defense of Cyart honor and glory.

Under the leadership of the Fischer family, they began formulating detailed battle plans to strike a fatal blow before the enemy could fully recover.

Darren knew at heart that the true victory was not a temporary triumph but one that could completely eliminate the root of war and lay the groundwork for a prosperous Cyart future.

"Carry on."

"Conquer what we see before us."

The Cyart army, like a tiger ready to pounce, swiftly assembled at the Rhea border and embarked on their campaign against Rhea.

War is brutal, but the Cyart people turned it into an exhibition of artistry, with the Fischer family's surname striking terror into the hearts of people from the other three countries.

After each victory, they would pause to scrutinize their actions and continuously reassess.

Faced with the Cyart people's string of victories, the armies that had once been their enemies now resembled leaves in the autumn breeze, one by one choosing to surrender.

City after city, under the potent onslaught of the Cyart people, had no choice but to raise the white flag and declare their surrender.

Rhea was not a centralized state decades ago, and after the "Blood Flames King" and many Monarch powerful experts died, the disintegration was rapid, leaving no strength to resist.

This succession of dreadful events, for those living on this land, was undoubtedly a sudden storm leaving them helpless and filled with confusion and unease.

In those newly surrendered cities, an unprecedented silence permeated the streets as groups of Rhea People gathered to converse in hushed tones, their faces etched with worry and uncertainty about the future.

"What on earth are we going to do? The Cyart people are coming, the Fischer family, those demons, are coming!"

"I've heard that the Cyart people kill when they're angry, and that Darren Fischer gets angry when he doesn't kill!"

"They say he's a wicked fiend who delights in eating women and children..."

The eyes of those deserters from the Rhea Army were empty, their souls burdened with shadows.

Facing the arrival of the Cyart people, all Rhea People had mixed feelings. Although, in the hearts of most Rhea People, besides the "Blood Flames King," who was considered somewhat benign, the rest of the Rhea Nobles weren't much better, the Cyart people were still an ancestral foe of the Rhea People, and no Rhea People held a good impression of the Cyart.

Fear of the unknown future gripped them—they had no idea how the Cyart people would treat them. It seemed normal to expect new oppression and exploitation... but what if the Cyart did intend to annihilate the Rhea People completely?

In fact, Darren had seriously considered such possibilities.

However, his father had explicitly instructed him before leaving not to engage in racial extermination, and indeed, in these times, a larger population represented significant assets, so wiping out the Rhea People would undoubtedly be self-detrimental.

"The Rhea People still hold value in surviving; let them atone forever."

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

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Chapter 505 Exterminate Meyer

In the streets of a Rhea city, where the once bustling crowds had become sparse and silent, people walked quickly with their heads down, their eyes reflecting confusion and fear. Many sought a harbor they could rely on, yet they didn't know where that harbor could be found.

Perhaps, there never was such a harbor to speak of.

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For the cities that had just surrendered, the pace of life for its Rhea inhabitants was completely disrupted. Their once familiar streets, shops, and markets were now enveloped in an oppressive atmosphere.

The shadow of war had not dissipated but had grown even more substantial. The arrival of the Cyart people, the new rulers, filled them with uncertainty and doubt.

The Cyart people were, beyond doubt, synonyms for savagery, brutality, and evil... at least in the hearts of the Rhea people.

So the people began to worry, to suffer, to despair.

Some even chose to end their lives in despair upon hearing that the "Blood Flames King" had died in battle and the Cyart people had invaded.

The Fischer family led the Cyart people here.

Regardless of whether the Rhea people were willing.

After the Cyart people took over one city after another in the southern part of Rhea, they showed an attitude completely different from previous invaders. Instead of immediate widespread looting and oppression, they adopted a more moderate and rational approach to governance.

The reason for this was that through an internal vote within the Fischer family, the management of the conquered regions was entrusted to Christine rather than Darren.

In the eyes of the rational and cold-hearted Christine, hatred was merely a concept that could be harnessed and, in the face of interests, still needed to yield. The interests of the Fischer family were everything!

To stabilize the people's hearts, Christine implemented a series of measures. First, she ensured basic order and safety within the cities by dispatching troops to patrol and prevent looting and violence.

They also actively sent out intelligence organizations to continuously search for and suppress the opposition while greatly encouraging supporters of the Cyart people, further dividing the Rhea people internally.

For those who obeyed the administration, Christine was seen as a benign and generous ruler, even better than the original Rhea nobles. She not only refrained from rampant looting but also abolished many miscellaneous taxes.

But for the resistors, Christine's intelligence organization was undoubtedly an evil nightmare, omniscient and always ruthless, secretly executing many Rhea people.

As for how people viewed her... Christine didn't really care much about that. The most important thing was still the interests of the Fischer family.

In the city square now ruled by the Cyart people, the intense sunlight shone down, and the towering buildings around cast long shadows. At the center of the square, on a hastily constructed platform, several elegantly dressed Cyart nobles sat with serious and sharp gazes.

Suddenly, the clamor of swift footsteps broke the quiet of the square as a squad of Cyart soldiers escorted a disheveled, panicked Cyart officer into the plaza.

This officer had taken his pleasure with Rhea female civilians without permission, facing severe charges for a serious breach of military discipline, causing great outrage. Now his face was etched with fear and dissatisfaction.

"I am an Extraordinary Exponent! I serve the noble Fischer family, my father is a viscount, I am a Cyart person, you cannot treat me like this!" he bellowed out desperately.

"Let me go! I just had fun with a Rhea beast, and you treat me like this! When it was time to fight, I was always at the forefront, you swine, are you even Cyart people? You damned traitors!"

As the officer was pushed beneath the platform, the whole square fell into a brief silence, with all eyes focused on the scene.

After a brief exchange among the seated Cyart nobles, one of the viscounts stood up, and his voice, amplified by the sound system, resonated across the entire square, each word striking every Cyart and Rhea person's heart like a heavy hammer.

"Citizens and soldiers of Cyart, today we publicly deal with a Cyart officer who has violated military discipline, as a warning to remind everyone that, regardless of their status, they will receive equal treatment before Her Majesty the Queen's laws."

His tone was firm and authoritative, showing no sign of faltering.

"Let me go! I want to see Lord Christine and Lord Darren! I have meritorious deeds and honor, you swine don't deserve to judge me!" the detained officer continued to yell, but no one paid any attention.

A few Cyart nobles sneered; today, the event was actually under the silent observation of subordinates of Lord Christine. If they showed even the slightest favoritism, they too would be punished.

Duke Darren might turn a blind eye, but for Lord Christine, rules were of utmost importance.

An enforcer stepped forward, and following Cyart law, administered a terrible punishment to the officer with a swift and precise method—flogging.

Throughout the ordeal, the officer clenched his teeth, trying not to make a sound, but his pain and regret were vividly etched on his face.

After the punishment ended, the soldiers helped the officer up, and he staggered away from the square, while the surrounding civilians and soldiers fell into deep thought.

The Cyart people demonstrated the strict justice of the law to everyone in this manner and conveyed a strong message—in the cities governed by them, order and rules reigned supreme, and any act of challenging this principle would be met with due punishment.

After this scene ended, the square returned to its usual tranquility, but a new atmosphere seemed to permeate the air—an atmosphere of deeper reverence for the rules and greater respect for order.

The person kneeling on the ground was a granddaughter of Flamme, the "Blood Flames King," with a beautiful countenance. Once sought after by countless aspiring young noble men, she now lay prostrate beside the hooves of horses, trembling all over, as lowly as an ant, not daring to utter an extra word.

"I accept your surrender,"

Darren said calmly to himself, his gaze not even flickering towards the girl filled with fear, his eyes holding calmness, not pleasure anymore.

Over several months, he had seen city after city and conquered each one, having become completely accustomed to such situations.

Even the fact that this city before him was the Royal Capital of Rhea couldn't evoke in Darren any significant joy.

In the faint light of dawn, the procession of Cyart nobles slowly made their way through the grand yet slightly dilapidated gate of the enemy's Royal City, their steps steady and dignified, proclaiming the dawn of a new era belonging to the Fischer family.

Darren, clad in exquisite armor, wearing a helmet studded with gemstones, rode atop a magnificent and imposing warhorse, followed by a guard of elite soldiers.

The Rhea people lining the streets watched this scene with complex emotions in their eyes, filled with immense fear and despair.

Finally, the procession arrived in front of the Rhea Royal Palace.

This palace, once a symbol of power and glory, now appeared exceptionally tranquil and majestic in the morning light. The Cyart nobles lined up neatly in front of the palace, and then the prominent figure of Darren, in his splendid robe, slowly stepped forward.

At the front of the palace, he halted and looked around, then declared in a deep and powerful voice,

"I am Duke Darren Fischer of Cyart, representing my nation and my people, to accept the surrender of Rhea and all its nobles. From this day forward, we, the people of Cyart and Rhea alike, shall write a new chapter of history together, so that peace and prosperity may take root and flourish on this land."

Having spoken, Darren allowed the corner of his mouth to lift in a smile, careful to make it not too obvious.

True to his expectations, the faces of the Rhea nobles soured even more upon hearing such a hypocritical word as "peace"—exactly the effect he desired.

The Meyer family no longer had any value to speak of and could not flee anywhere. Their members' faces were etched with helplessness and submission, but even more with uncertainty about the future. With trembling hands, they held a scepter and the family crests symbolizing their surrender, bowing to Darren Fischer as a formal sign of capitulation.

The Meyer family, with a history spanning hundreds of years and one of the Ten Great Families of the East, thus completely yielded to their arch-enemy, the Fischer family.

Unquestionably, this would be a significant event in history!

Afterward, Darren, with a tolerant and calm gaze, led them all into the palace to begin a stifling banquet.

Even though the banquet was extremely oppressive, it still provided the Meyer family with some relief. It seemed the attitude of the Fischer family was still bearable... In the

end, Darren ordered many black gift boxes to be brought out, enough for every member of the Meyer family present.

"What do these gift boxes mean?"

The people of the Meyer family were very surprised, not expecting to receive gifts. Was this demon of Cyart trying to buy them over?

"Gift boxes are for holding gifts, and gifts are for... commemoration."

He calmly opened the gift box in his hands, and a stench of blood immediately wafted out, containing the severed head of that female member of the Meyer family who had come out to surrender, the granddaughter of Flamme.

The members of the Meyer family collapsed on the spot.

"You demon of Cyart!"

"Fischer will surely go to Hell!"

"The Gods will curse you! You will not be proud forever!"

Darren shook his head slowly, looking at the people who were in despair and had collapsed, and spoke in a cruel and calm voice, "You should blame yourselves for your situation. If it weren't for your actions, which led to the early death of my grandfather, perhaps it would have been my father who came here. Considering his temper, maybe he wouldn't have made such a harsh move."

Gazing into their eyes, he finally felt the pleasure rising within him once more, his voice growing even more forceful.

"Pressing too hard without annihilating you completely was your greatest mistake."

"And I, do not wish to make the same mistake as you."

"Neither does Fischer."

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

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Chapter 506 Envoys from Various Countries

In every corner of the Rhea Royal City, it seemed as if the restless heartbeats of the people were hidden, casting an invisible net of shadows over the once prosperous and proud city, shrouding every inhabitant's mind in a thick haze.

Their steps were no longer light, and their eyes flickered with apprehension about the future.

As night fell, behind the tightly shut doors and windows of every household, people talked about the conquerors' new policies, the issues with taxes, and changes in lifestyle. With no doubt, every topic was so burdensome that it was hard to let go.

Though these voices were as light as a mosquito's buzz, they carried weight.

"Damn it, what's with those nobles? Each of them priding themselves as mighty, yet in the end, didn't they all get slaughtered?"

"Actually, two hundred years ago, Rhea people and Cyart people were both from the Flame Tribe, driven away by the Lorne citizens... don't you think it wouldn't be bad if the Eastern Four Kingdoms united?"

"What are you talking about? Are you still a Rhea or not? Is there even any Flame Tribe left now?"

"Do you think the Fischer family is really like the demons in the legends, skinned humans crawling out from Hell?"

"I've also heard their beasts are especially fond of incest, cannibalism, and particularly like to eat children, what are we going to do about this?"

"Keep it down; I've heard that the ears and eyes of the Fischer family are everywhere! Anyway, Rhea is done for..."

In the oppressive atmosphere, fear accompanied the Rhea people like a shadow. They knew all too well that any discontent or doubt regarding the conquerors' rule could bring unwanted trouble, or even disaster.

Thus, their conversations were always accompanied by vigilant glances, constantly watching for spies around them. When night deepened and silence fell, even the softest conversations would abruptly stop, for fear that any careless word might become the source of misfortune the next day.

As the steps of the Cyart conquering force moved forward, envoys from countries across the Ouden Continent began their long journey to the capital of the Cyart Kingdom, Nasir City.

Carrying the hopes and worries of their respective nations, they gathered in this increasingly magnificent city, hoping to negotiate a deal that would decide the future landscape.

On the outskirts of the city, the processions of envoys from different countries lined up in succession, with colorful and varied attire. Some groups of knights clad in armor rode on tall horses, holding long spears, while others consisted of scholars wearing opulent robes, carrying unique books and scrolls.

"This is Nasir, right?"

"I heard that a hundred years ago this place was just a fishing village... I never imagined such a drastic change."

"It seems like just a few decades ago it was only a small town, and the Fischer family actually rose to power from such a place."

The envoys from various countries on the Ouden Continent were full of curiosity about the once inconspicuous Fischer family and Nasir City. Without doubt, the Fischer family were now likely to become the Eastern Dominators, definitely qualifying as a legendary family of their era.

They truly defeated the old, established Ten Great Families of the East.

Soon to conquer the East!

Within reach!

When the envoys from the various countries entered the cities of the Cyart Empire, apart from Lorne citizens and Seven Suns Empire People, they were all shocked by the beauty and advancement of the city.

In the palace's newly built hall, Christine Fischer sat in her wheelchair, waiting with many of the Cyart high-ranking officials for the arrival of the envoys.

"The show is about to begin."

Christine knew in the depths of her heart that this was not a negotiation for so-called peace, but rather a stage for dividing the spoils... Indeed, so it was, with the other three main forces wiped out, they were now meat on the chopping board, a prospect everyone drooled over.

A grand event that would decide the future landscape was silently beginning within the palace.

The envoys of Lorne, Seven Stars, Carnia, Vallere, Tuns, and others, dressed in their countries' magnificent attire, gathered with each of their hopes and worries, waiting for the Cyart nobles to make their entrance.

The Carnia envoy and the Vallere envoy both looked as if deathly pale, their nations already headless dragons, not only rising in internal unrest but also at any time at risk of a Cyart invasion, by which time the situation would be rather difficult to say.

But such is the way of victors and vanquished, and these are the consequences they must bear!

The gazes of those present still mainly focused on the Lorne Envoy and the Seven Suns Empire Envoy, everyone was well aware that their opinions were of the utmost importance.

And they stared at each other with antagonism.

"You've come as well, huh, heh heh," the Lorne Envoy sneered, saying, "You losers, have you come here to beg for mercy?"

The Seven Suns Empire Envoy showed no sign of weakness and calmly said, "What? Is there something wrong with us visiting our future domain? You will not win forever, for no one can defeat His Majesty."

In the grand conference hall, sunlight streamed through the towering glass windows, casting a mottled yet brilliant play of light and shadow, and all eyes instinctively converged on the front of the hall.

At that moment, a member of the Fischer family, a woman seated in an exquisite wheelchair, made her entrance. Her arrival was like a breath of fresh air, both cool and filled with an undeniable force.

Christine Fischer.

Although she wasn't very strong on the extraordinary path, there was no doubt that, for decades, she had been the best within the Fischer family at handling domestic affairs.

Today, she wore the magnificent traditional attire of Cyart, a long robe with a base color of deep gemstone blue, embroidered with intricate and exquisite gold patterns, with every stitch and thread revealing the exquisite craftsmanship of Cyart culture, and her eyes conveyed a cold intelligence.

With the assistance of her husband Andre, she slowly moved forward, and the movement of her wheelchair was noiseless, exhibiting an exceptional smoothness and nobility.

When she finally stopped, the entire hall fell into a tranquil silence, all eyes filled with curiosity towards this member of the Fischer family.

Christine gently raised her hand, and as a Guardian, Andre immediately retreated to the side, leaving her alone to face the envoys from countries around the world.

Oh great Lord of the Lost,

Are you watching this scene?

The Fischer family has finally reached this point, and Christine's inner joy is too great to hide. At this moment, all nations must listen to our voice!

It is the voice of Fischer!

The moment she opened her mouth, her voice was clear and powerful, each word distinctly reaching everyone's ears: "I appreciate the presence of you all, I am Christine Fischer, as a representative of the Cyart people..."

The conversations on the surface were meaningless, mere formalities, everyone had their expectations.

Several hours later, the private negotiations began.

Christine learned that the envoys from various countries all wanted to meet with her, just as she had anticipated.

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"There's only one country we need to meet with first, and that is the Lorne Empire... Without a doubt, although the Lorne Empire can't be considered our suzerain in Cyart, it still 'leads' our faction."

She was well aware of the current situation, so she met with the Lorne Empire's envoy first.

The Imperial Emissary from the Lorne Empire was the most composed, excited, and joyful of all, for while others harbored worries, he had come with just one purpose.

To ensure a piece of the cake for the Lorne Empire.

He calmly entered the room, nodded in greeting to Christine, and with a smile said:

"By the Gods above, congratulations to you all. The Fischer family is finally going to become the dominator of the East in the Ouden Continent, you are about to stand at the peak of this land!"

"Without a doubt, from now on, the Lorne Empire will also regard the Cyart people as our most important allies!"

The Lorne Envoy paused for a moment and bluntly stated the mission he had been given.

"I bring the will of His Majesty the Emperor of Lorne... He demands that after you annex Rhea, you cease your conquest and do not pursue a policy of annihilation. As long as Carnia and Vallere proclaim their submission to the Lorne Empire, hostilities can cease."

"The Empire

does not want you to continue the fight. Fischer should understand this."

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

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Chapter 507 Conquering the Continent

Christine quickly understood the meaning of the Lorne Empire, their thoughts were very easy to comprehend, that is, they did not wish for the East to be truly and completely controlled by the Cyart people, nor did they desire the Fischer family to grow so strong that they became uncontrollable.

Ah, consider the situation from their perspective.

Christine could understand the Lorne citizens, if she were in their position, she would likely think the same.

No one wants their own weapons to potentially threaten and harm themselves... Even if that possibility is negligible, most people do not like that.

In fact, now the countries on the Ouden Continent and numerous Churches do not wish for Fischer to continue fighting.

They do not really care about Vallere and Carnia.

But because if the Eastern Four Kingdoms were completely unified, the power held by the Fischer family would be too great, undoubtedly, they would have the chance to become a top force on par with Tuns, second only to the two powerful empires.

None of the forces on the continent wish to see such a top force emerge in the world.

Christine revealed a smile, and to the Lorne Envoy, she did not speak to refuse but rather nodded her head, saying,

"Actually, regarding the demands of the Lorne citizens, Cyart could accept them... It's just that we hope to receive some compensation, some things that we are entitled to."

The Lorne Envoy immediately furrowed his brows and shook his head, saying,

"You have already obtained many things and are about to become the strongest country in the East, what more do you want? Fischer, I advise you not to overstep, no matter how powerful Cyart is, it is nothing in front of the Lorne Empire."

"It's best not to have too high an opinion of yourselves."

He frowned, and Christine, sitting in her wheelchair, extended a finger and gently wagged it.

"To give up the benefits we can easily obtain, and not choose to unify the Eastern Four Kingdoms, but rather let Carnia and Vallere submit to the Lorne Empire... Since this is the case, the Cyart people should be compensated."

She said with a slight bow of her head, "Although we absolutely respect His Majesty the Emperor of the Lorne Empire, the interests of the Cyart people are also very important."

The Lorne Envoy was still frowning, not speaking.

"Without a doubt, our Fischer family and Cyart people will absolutely not have any friction or conflicts with Lorne, but the Seven Suns Empire People will certainly not let us go, they will inevitably try every means to obstruct the Lorne Empire from executing power in the East."

"If Fischer does not have Lorne's absolute support, the East will not have Lorne's complete benefits."

Christine clearly knew one thing, the Fischer family and the Cyart people, they had no qualification to oppose or threaten the Lorne citizens.

After all, even without mentioning the strength at the Heavenly Enlightenment Level, the hundreds of monarch powerful experts of the Lorne Empire would suffice to destroy Fischer and Cyart.

So, what she needed was to grasp the only fear in the depths of the Lorne people's hearts.

The threat from the Seven Suns Empire People.

After the Lorne Envoy pondered for a long time, he finally nodded his head.

"Alright, your demands will be swiftly conveyed back to the Empire through the method of spells... His Majesty will give a response by tomorrow."

"That is very good, the Fischer family looks forward to long-term cooperation with the Lorne Empire."

Christine revealed a smile, already clear on the fact that the Lorne Empire had already had a range of concessions they were willing to accept, but if she didn't ask, of course, they wouldn't take the initiative to speak up.

"Rhea will formally merge with Cyart, the Kania Kingdom, the Vallere Kingdom, announce their unconditional surrender to the Cyart Kingdom and the Lorne Empire, and within the next thirty years, they must implement the following various regulations..."

As the final round of intense discussions at the negotiation table gradually came to a close, the air was filled with an unprecedented sense of relief, the long-standing tension and disagreements seemed to be dissolved by an invisible force at that moment.

"Clap, clap, clap, clap!"

Christine took the initiative to applaud.

"Let us celebrate the peace that is about to arrive."

Soon, the negotiation room was thunderous with applause.

Even the people of the Seven Stars found the situation acceptable, only the envoys of Carnia and Vallere had ashen faces.

News of the end of the war spread like a spring breeze through every corner of the Cyart Kingdom, in the streets of cities, through the fields and hills of the countryside; people instinctively stopped their work.

"The war is over..."

Children laughed in their parents' arms, the elderly's eyes sparkled with hopeful tears, and young men and women embraced each other, as the peal of peace rang out in the town squares of city centers, proclaiming the dawn of a new era.

With the advent of peace, reconstruction work within the Cyart Kingdom and Rhea began quickly.

The glory of peace, like the first light of dawn, spread across the ancient and mysterious lands, bringing a temporary tranquility, but beneath the brilliant play of light and shadow, more complex and profound undercurrents were hidden.

The peace agreement, like a fragile magical barrier, temporarily walled off the smoke of large-scale conflicts; however, various factions had not truly laid down their arms, but had shifted to a more covert contest of strength.

The Extraordinary nobility mingled jovially at banquets, but behind the scenes, they fought for resources and power with oaths and secret alliances, attempting to secure advantageous positions in the new era that lay ahead.

Meanwhile, the heretics harbored ill intentions, using forbidden magic and ancient spells to attempt to manipulate the political landscape of certain areas and even to summon otherworldly gods to achieve their goals. Enjoy more content from My Virtual Library Empire

At the same time, among the people and aristocracy of the defeated nations, there were also groups dissatisfied with the current state of affairs.

Peace was like a fragile magic bubble, ready to burst at any moment due to internal contradictions and external shocks. Everyone in the Fischer family was aware of this fact.

In a magnificent underground hall, the flickering candlelight was resplendent, reflecting the faces of the members of the Fischer family.

Tonight, the members of the Fischer family had gathered not to celebrate victory but to hold another family meeting that would determine the future fate of their house.

Tonight's family meeting was chaired by Darren, who slowly stood up, sweeping his gaze over every member of the family present. His voice was deep and strong:

"The public war has officially been declared over, but we are gathered here to discuss an important decision concerning the future of our Cyart family."

"For a long time, our Fischer family has silently protected the land of the East Coast, but times are changing, and we must have a longer-term vision, a grander plan."

As his words ended, the hall fell into a brief silence; members of the Fischer family looked at each other, quietly pondering what the plan about to be revealed might be.

"Our goal,"

Darren continued, his voice resolute and unwavering.

"Is to covertly control the nations across the continent, becoming the true power behind the throne of the Ouden Continent. We will use the power the Great Lord of the Lost has bestowed upon us, and our wisdom, wealth, and influence to weave a network of power that covers the entire continent, ensuring every nation and force is under our control."

"Not just the Eastern countries, but infiltrating every nation on the Ouden Continent!"

At this statement, a murmur of whispers and astonishment swept through the hall.

"We can use our economic power through trade and investment to infiltrate the nations," Christine suggested thoughtfully. "At the same time, the Blood Receivers of the Dawn Church can also work discreetly to ensure our will is executed."

"But..." Felix took a deep breath, unable to suppress his worries, and said, "Won't such actions provoke widespread resistance and conflict? We must act cautiously to avoid startling the snake in the grass."

Darren nodded slightly, smiling in understanding of Felix's concerns, and said, "Indeed, we must be careful in our actions, not to act too hastily."

"But as long as we can skillfully use the resources at hand, maintain enough patience and wisdom, the Fischer family will eventually achieve this goal and become the most powerful entity on this continent!"

"The great Lord of the Lost shall descend upon His earthly kingdom!"

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

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Chapter 508 Number 5 "Wishing Divine Lamp"!

"We've finally found it."

In the deep and mysterious night, a group of investigators from the "Eye of the Raven" clad in gray clothes, moved like specters through the ancient and gloomy tomb of the former Rhea Royal Family.

Their clothes shone faintly under the light of the oil lamps, solemn and dignified, the air of the tomb permeated with a sealed aroma, each ancient stone tablet, and each mural filled with traces of the years, silently narrated the past's grandeur.

"The object should be right here, the prophecy said so... The prophecy provided by the Fischer family is certainly not baseless, it definitely has foundations and accuracy."

The Eyes of the Raven moved lightly and carefully, their eyes flashing with a desire for the unknown, and after a tough exploration, they finally discovered a hidden room at the deepest part of the tomb.

In the center of the hidden room, there quietly lay a legendary artifact—an exceedingly rare forbidden artifact, numbered five, the base of the "Wishing Divine Lamp"!

It was the last component of the Wishing Divine Lamp, hidden away by the Meyer family!

The base of the Wishing Divine Lamp was forged from an unknown metal, its surface covered in intricate carvings of soaring Pegasus, circling phoenixes, and ancient texts, despite the marks of time, it still couldn't hide the mysterious radiance emanating from within.

"This is it! We have finally found it!"

"Great, having completed this important task for Fischer, we can all advance further!"

"Quick, check if there are any traps or curses around, and then carefully take it away, to be offered to Fischer!"

The investigators formed a circle, the glow of the gas lamps focused on this rare treasure, astonishment and excitement written on everyone's faces.

They were well aware that discovering this artifact could lead to further advancements within their organization, their joy mixed with a hint of awe and caution towards the unknown powers, as ancient legends often came with unpredictable consequences.

Several days later, in Fischer Manor in Nasir City.

"So we finally found it! The prophecy was indeed correct!"

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In a solemn atmosphere, the Eyes of the Raven carefully handed over the base of the Wishing Divine Lamp, this unit of powerful forbidden artifact, to the high and mighty family head of the Fischer family.

Duke Darren Fischer.

The Fischer family, a powerful lineage that has risen over the past century, despite lacking ancient heritage, indeed possessed a mystic power that people found hard to comprehend.

The members of the Eye of the Raven, full of admiration for the Fischer family, yearned to be held in high esteem by them.

"Very well."

Darren, holding the base, nodded with a faint smile, "You have done very well, rest assured, the Fischer family's rewards will definitely satisfy you."

Within the underground hall, lights blazed brilliantly, golden radiance poured down from the towering dome, illuminating every inch of the space.

The air was filled with a faint scent, the unique fragrance of a ritual ceremony, inducing an involuntary sense of reverence and devotion in everyone present.

Important figures from both the Fischer family and the Dawn Church had largely arrived.

"Let's begin."

Under the guidance of Archer, the High Priest of the Fischer family, a grand ritual ceremony slowly commenced, with many members of the Dawn Church clad in opulent robes, holding ancient ritual implements, encircling the central altar, and began chanting ancient hymns.

Their voices were low and powerful, reverberating throughout the hall, as if they could pierce through time and space to connect with the great Lord of the Lost.

"That is a hymn composed by Archer. He plans to add it to the newly revised scriptures," someone said.

"But wouldn't that change the original text regarding Irene Fischer, Your Excellency?" someone questioned.

As the ceremony progressed, the Fischer family placed the lampstand and other parts of the Divine Lamp that they had already collected on the altar. Under the watchful eyes of all present, these parts seemed to be drawn together by some mysterious force, slowly combining into a complete and dazzling Wishing Divine Lamp.

"Oh, Lord of the Lost! Please protect us, for at this moment, we shall offer you the most precious sacrifice. This power will surely satisfy you!"

The Fischer family members knelt down, reverently offering their sacrifices to the great Lord of the Lost they worshipped, praying for power, wisdom, and protection.

At that moment, they believed that the future prophesized by the great Lord of the Lost was within reach, and the Fischer family would be remembered forever in history as witnesses and participants of this great moment.

Karl gazed at the Wishing Divine Lamp, feeling an extremely intense spiritual power gradually being absorbed by him.

The Wishing Divine Lamp was successfully activated during the Fischer family's ritual ceremony, unleashing a massive power like never before, instantly filling the grand underground hall. This power was both ancient and mysterious, seemingly containing all the energy in the universe, making everyone present experience unprecedented shock and awe!

At that moment, the light of the Wishing Divine Lamp became extraordinarily dazzling. It was no longer merely a simple light but transformed into countless brilliant points of light, swirling and intertwining like constellations in the hall, forming a breathtaking spectacle.

Eventually, all the points of light were completely absorbed!

With this power, Karl's feelings were indescribable; he felt immense satisfaction and joy, as if the whole world was within his grasp.

"It's no surprise it is a single-digit Forbidden rare artifact; the eighth seal has also begun to loosen. Despite absorbing so many Forbidden rare artifacts before with no effect, quality is definitely important!"

Karl's eyes sparkled with excitement and thrill, reflecting his desire for power and the ecstasy of its fulfillment!

Taking a deep breath, he felt the powerful spiritual force surging within him, as if the whole world trembled under his will.

"Great Lord of the Lost! I hope you are satisfied with our sacrifice!"

Around the transparent bottle of the sacred object, members of the Fischer family also felt the power's shock and greatness, kneeling to express their reverence for the Lord of the Lost.

They knew that it was this power from the great Lord of the Lost that allowed the Fischer family to stand strong in the currents of history.

The power of the Wishing Divine Lamp was undoubtedly strong.

As the name suggests, its effect was to grant wishes, and it could be used for this purpose once every thirty years. Although not "omnipotent," it was very useful.

Karl soon discovered that its wishing mechanism had many restrictions, such as a rule against directly causing any harm to life with it, and wishes like instantly becoming a deity, which were overly extravagant and impossible, could not be fulfilled by the Wishing Divine Lamp at all.

Its true effect was to fulfill "wishes that one could complete in the near future with a probability of more than one in ten thousand."

A probability of one in ten thousand is undoubtedly very low, yet as long as there is such a possibility and the required time is not particularly long, the Wishing Divine Lamp can directly realize it!

Without a doubt, the stronger and more influential the wisher, the greater the power and effect the Wishing Divine Lamp could exert!

It could almost be described as triggering targeted miracles!

However, to utilize the power of the "Wishing Divine Lamp," numbered five, the original cost was very high; every time it was used, the user had to sacrifice the two most important people to them.

All single-digit Forbidden rare artifacts had a high cost of use.

"However, after I have extracted the rune power, it now only requires all of my mental power and spiritual power to activate... However, it then requires a thirty-year interval for reactivation. If only it could be used repeatedly without limitation."

Karl murmured to himself.

"Although there are many restrictions on making a wish, after all, it is a 'Concept Level' wishing machine; the extent of what it can ultimately achieve is absolutely remarkable! Well, once every thirty years is not a problem; I have plenty of time ahead."

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

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Chapter 509 Kite with Broken String

Cyart had completely absorbed Rhea, while Carnia and Vallere, the two countries, were also directly controlled by "Special Advisors" sent by Lorne citizens and Cyart people, temporarily withdrawing the influence of the Seven Suns Empire People from the east of the Ouden Continent.

However, the Carnian First Monarch, the "Divine Might Titan," a high-level Monarch and top-ranked powerful expert, who was highly revered by the Carnian people, did not choose to seek revenge for his descendants through a decisive death battle.

Instead, after allowing surrender, he immediately abandoned all the Carnian people and fled from Carnia, most likely heading to the Seven Stars Empire.

This action disheartened many Carnian people, yet many more believed that the nearly great "Divine Might Titan" would never give up on Carnia.

"Divine Might Titan" was simply waiting for the right moment, and he would definitely liberate Carnia in the future, utterly destroying the evil Cyart!

The ultimate failure of this war incurred losses for the Seven Suns Empire People, but for the Seven Stars Empire, it was merely a minor setback on the chessboard.

The Seven Suns Empire People had finally come to regard Cyart seriously.

They had fully realized that the Cyart people and the Fischer family were certainly formidable pieces in the hands of the Lorne citizens!

However, compared to the Cyart people, there were other matters that were even more important.

The Seven Suns Empire People were all aware that in the long-standing standoff with the Lorne citizens, they had always been at a disadvantage; however, there was one crucial matter that could potentially turn the tables for the Seven Stars Empire...

That was the God of War Emperor.

His breakthrough was imminent, possibly within the next few decades, this Seven Stars Emperor would reach the highest extraordinary level in the Claud World... the Apocalypse Upper Rank! Experience more content on My Virtual Library Empire

As long as the great God of War Emperor could reach the Apocalypse Upper Rank, then whether it be the Cyart people or even the entire Eastern Four Kingdoms mattered little, not even the Lorne citizens would be a match for them, and the long-standing defensive stance of the Seven Stars Empire could be completely reversed, ushering in a new era!

That was the most critical matter, and all other temporary gains and losses were merely insignificant, tolerable pains for the powerful Seven Stars Empire.

At this very moment, in the Imperial Capital of the Lorne Empire.

At dusk.

In a Lorne-styled club, soft jazz music slowly flowed through the air, the dark-toned wooden bar counter, the dazzling crystal chandeliers, every detail meticulously arranged.

Karno Fischer.

He was dressed in a well-tailored dark suit, wearing an exquisite silver tie at his collar, his gaze profound, yet revealing a hardly noticeable tension.

Because Karno had sensed a strong gaze coming from an indescribable source—the gaze of the "Saint of Sun" from the Terrara Church State!

The Saint of Sun, a legendary Heavenly Enlightenment powerful expert, was said to wield the power to control light and the sun, capable of traveling wherever the sun shone.

And Karno, even though he possessed the extraordinary power of foreknowledge, could not help but feel a chill in the presence of such an entity.

"I have done as much as possible to avoid sunlight exposure, but how much longer will this situation last? Even seeking help from my family might not offer a solution, after all, the Saint of Sun is a legend of the Heavenly Enlightenment level..."

He paused, muttering to himself:

"Great Lord of the Lost, please have mercy on me."

"I'm starting now!"

As he tried to focus, intending to use the Prophetic Technique to trace the source of this solar power, suddenly, the atmosphere in the entire club underwent a subtle change. What was visible through the floor-to-ceiling windows as the outside night seemed to warp by an invisible force, and in an instant, night was replaced by daylight!

"What's happening?"

"Why has it suddenly become bright outside?"

"How strange!"

This abrupt change caused everyone in the club to cease their activities, all eyes turning towards that huge floor-to-ceiling window; the daylight was so dazzling that even the indoor lights seemed dim, trees, streets, buildings in the distance became clearly visible as if the whole world had been lit up.

"Saint of Sun! Is this the power of Heavenly Enlightenment? You dare to use your powers repeatedly within the Lorne Empire?"

Karno's expression became grave, well aware that this unnatural phenomenon was no coincidence. He closed his eyes, took a deep breath, and started to use his mental senses to perceive the power hidden behind the daylight.

Meanwhile, other people in the club began whispering among themselves, discussing this incredible scene.

"What exactly is going on?"

"Could it be extraordinary power?"

Suddenly, Karno sensed a soul's radiance.

It was a shattered soul that had slipped in from the daylight outside, almost falling apart, seemingly burned nearly to destruction by the power of the sun.

It rushed towards Karno, seeking refuge within him.

"Wait, who are you? Why were you outside?"

Karno, without hesitation, extended his hand to block the boundary between himself and the soul, cautiously not accepting it immediately. He then subconsciously furrowed his brows and squinted his eyes.

"Save me... I can't remember who I am... but I have a very important task to fulfill, and I have vengeance to seek!"

"Please save me, although I can't remember who I am, for some reason I still remember your surname..."

The nearly disintegrated undead soul uttered in a trembling voice, carrying a strong sense of unwillingness.

"Fischer!"

Chris Fischer had acquired new rune power. Christine and Darren decided to have him gather all the key members of the Dawn Church at Nasir Manor to witness a miracle.

Since the stronger the power, the more powerful the effect of the wish, Chris temporarily received the rune power of the "Wishing Divine Lamp."

After some time post-wish, Karl would restore the original rune power to Chris, not affecting Chris's combat capabilities.

The followers of the Dawn Church, filled with curiosity and awe, gathered around; the air was thick with anticipation and excitement. Chris, dressed in his family's most splendid attire, stood on a high platform with a soft-glowing phantom of the Divine Lamp in his hand, his gaze emotionless as he faced the crowd.

He slowly opened the lid of the Divine Lamp, and at that moment, the entire sky seemed to tremble.

From the lamp surged a warm and dazzling light; it rose unhurriedly into the sky, gradually spreading and coloring the entire sky in radiant hues, breathtakingly beautiful. This miraculous power not only illuminated the earth but also touched every corner of nature, with all things responding to its call.

Indeed, those unrealistic wishes were quickly informed by the Divine Lamp that they couldn't be fulfilled... Ah, this wish spoken by Christine is achievable, good.

"I wish..."

Chris closed his eyes, took a deep breath, and silently repeated the thoroughly contemplated wish in his mind.

Ten years had passed.

The Fischer family had gained absolute control over Cyart, though protests and rebellions continued to erupt within Rhea's range.

In the Ouden Continent, the Fischer family deepened their power with unbridled audacity, and the number of followers in the Dawn Church expanded at a staggering rate.

In just ten years, the Dawn Church had grown into a massive entity with thirty thousand followers, and in Cyart's native land alone, there were over seventeen thousand followers embedded in all walks of life, entwining and binding the entire Cyart like a vine-like plant.

Street vendors, underground assassins, wandering prostitutes, renowned scholars, extraordinary nobility... within the range of the Ouden Continent, almost every industry began to see people from the Dawn Church.

The infiltration plan of the Fischer family was very successful.

Accordingly, it brought immense benefits, such as more money, extraordinary materials, mysterious rare artifacts... and at the True Gods Church, the Dawn Church gradually became a front-ranking heretical cult, its eradication level reaching the highest, many were aware they worshipped a... Lord of the Lost.

Karl continually extracted Spiritual Power from four and three-digit Forbidden rare artifacts.

However, even if the quantity of Spiritual Power they provided was significant, the quality was not sufficient, none compared to that single-digit "oil lamp" which could loosen the eighth seal.

"I need more two-digit, even one-digit Forbidden rare artifacts..."

"Only then will there be a chance to unlock the eighth seal!"

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

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Chapter 510 The Reincarnation of Lucius

Time swiftly passed by, and another five years had elapsed. The Cyart people had truly become the dominant power of the East, and in various industries of both Carnia and Vallere, several Dawn believers who had received the Blood of Salvation from the Fischer family had infiltrated their ranks.

In addition to that, in nearly every family of Viscount Level or above, they had recruited at least one or two individuals who "were not endowed with the power of Bloodline and had become the discarded children of their families," to become Blood Receivers.

The Black Tide began advancing towards nations outside of the East, while the Eye of the Raven spread its surveillance throughout the entire Eastern Four Kingdoms, monitoring any potential dissenters.

The rule of the Fischer family had already struck fear into many, causing numerous nobles who had merely expressed dissatisfaction with them at family banquets to be "visited" by the Eye of the Raven the very next morning.

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The Eastern Four Kingdoms had become a plaything in the hands of the Fischer family.

The term Rhea was formally abolished by the Fischer family, and the original territory of Rhea was divided into three distinctly different provinces, becoming an integral part of the Cyart Kingdom.

Christine, considering various factors, divided the eastern part of Rhea into the "Blue Diamond Province," while the central and northwest parts became the "Platinum Province." The remaining southwest area was named...

"Moonlight."

In the southwestern part of Rhea, in the Moonlight Province, there was a city, not particularly large, known as Bohr City, famous for its local fruits and wines.

Bohr City had finally opened a railway, establishing a modest train station. This railway passed through Bohr City and directly connected Vallere and Cyart.

Everyone knew that with the advent of the railway, the small city of Bohr would flourish.

In the fifteen years since the war ended, the Reforging Church had updated the dissemination of technology. Interestingly enough, despite Cyart becoming their sworn enemy, the Reforging Church unlike the Salvation Church didn't withdraw its priests and bishops. Instead, they rapidly resumed cooperation with the Cyart people...

They had only one purpose, and that was to freely spread the various technologies introduced in the Divine Oracle of the God of Reforging.

Over the decades, scientific development in the Claud World scaled and matured remarkably, propelling disciplines such as thermodynamics, optics, electromagnetism, chemistry, geology, and biology, each reaching major breakthroughs and entering a phase of theoretical integration. New theories and doctrines sprouted like bamboo shoots after rain.

On the stone-paved streets of Bohr City, the sounds of horseshoes and carriage wheels gradually ceased as a lavishly decorated black carriage came to a slow halt in front of an exquisite antique shop.

The carriage gleamed with a polished shine, detailed with fine copper ornaments, signifying the extraordinary status of its owner.

The carriage door gently swung open, and an elegantly dressed youth stepped out. His stride was confident, carrying a poise beyond his years, his hair as white as snow, exuding a charm that seemed otherworldly.

"I hope I can find some useful clues in this town, so it won't be a wasted trip."

He adjusted his clothes lightly, his gaze sweeping across the surrounding buildings as a faint smile crept across his lips, seemingly familiar with yet intrigued by this world.

Moter had been having dreams frequently lately.

He would dream of another person, a middle-aged man in armor, settling in a harbor town with two children and an infant...

He dreamt of that man fighting as a mercenary, of that man's fear of the black dragon, and of that man's love and hate...

Without a doubt, that was a man of formidable strength, and Moter's dreams seemed to go backwards in time, with the man getting younger and younger.

For reasons unknown, Moter Fischer had been constantly dreaming of that mysterious middle-aged man.

He didn't know who the mysterious man was, but every time he dreamt of him, his Power of Consecution would grow significantly.

From Moter's generation, members of the Fischer family would receive the Power of Consecution at the age of five. Now, at twelve, with his strong talent and those dreams, Moter had already reached the Sword Brandisher of the 3rd Rank on the Path of Conquest, and was only a step away from becoming a "Commander."

At merely twelve years old, Moter possessed the mighty strength of a low-level Transmutation Extraordinary Exponent, which undoubtedly would astonish any outsider.

His rate of progress was near impossible.

However, Moter was actually stronger than a low-level Transmutation Extraordinary Exponent.

For he also possessed Destiny's Trajectory "Rewriter" and the rune power of the "Emerald Ring," along with the potent Divine Blood "Blood of Salvation," and even his Bloodline power had reached the low-level Transmutation rank.

Moter always carried several Alchemy Items and Magic Food, and should he ever engage in combat, dozens of Dawn believers would immediately provide sustenance with their "household management" abilities.

Deep inside, Moter felt that even a Middle Rank Transmutation Extraordinary Exponent was nothing remarkable and that he could likely contend with any Extraordinary Exponent below the Monarch Level.

He wasn't being arrogant, but rather analyzing realistically.

Two years earlier, Moter began dueling with the powerful members of his family, and astonishingly found that he even had to hold back when fighting with mid-level Extraordinary Exponents.

"Members of the Fischer family are inherently superior; we just need more accumulation and development before we can reach even higher levels... That said, my current strength is also built upon the efforts of generations before me."

Nowadays, almost everyone on the Ouden Continent knew that the lofty Fischer family were the supreme rulers of the East on the continent; they had submitted to the mighty Lorne Empire in exchange for unrivaled power in the East!

Duke Darren Fischer remained a nobleman of duke stature, yet everyone knew that he, in fact, wielded power much greater than that of Queen Siyate, and because of excessive bloodshed, many would secretly call him "the Calamity of the East Coast," "the Demon Lord of Cyart."

Moter nodded, and the young man wearing the black mask, "Pitch Black," entered the antiquity shop as a coachman, only to emerge after a while and shake his head with a hoarse voice,

"No, not here."

Moter nodded in response, showing no sign of disappointment or dejection, simply calmly accepting the situation, "I see, what a pity... That will be all for today, as I have important matters to attend to."

Dusk descended.

The grand and magnificent opera house shone even more brilliantly in the night, its golden dome glittering enchantingly under the moonlight.

In front of the opera house, a carriage decorated with elegance slowly came to a halt,

The curtain of the carriage was lightly lifted, and a young man dressed in an exquisite evening suit stuck his head out, gently jumping down from the carriage, his shoes tapping on the stone pavement.

Moter stood in front of the opera house, looking up at the towering building, his face revealing genuine admiration.

"Bohr City, aside from its fruits and wine, this opera house is what the city is most famous for."

He closed his eyes, taking a deep breath, as if to take in all the artistic essence that pervaded the air.

Then, Moter slowly opened his eyes, with the strains of song from within the opera house reaching his ears, at times soaring and powerful, at other times gently entwining, as if carrying him into a world full of fantasy and passion.

The young man's face showed a look of intoxication, he slightly tilted his head, carefully listening to every note, every melody, his fingers gently moving through the air, as if dancing gracefully to the rhythm of the music.

The interior of the opera house was brightly lit, and in the center of the stage, a delicate fountain flowed gradually, surrounded by carefully pruned flower beds and lifelike sculptures.

The exquisitely beautiful actress slowly made her entrance, instantly becoming the focus of everyone present in just a moment.

Her features were as fine as a painting, her eyes deep and emotive, as if piercing through time and space, striking directly at the audience's hearts.

"Lalalala..."

The voice of the actress was clear and penetrating, with each note rich in emotion, fully capturing the love, hate, joys, and sorrows of the opera.

The audience below began to discuss.

"Is that girl Miss Elena, the daughter of Count Locke? Her singing is simply divine! It's just too perfect!"

"Yes, Miss Elena is a preeminent figure in this city, the most beloved daughter of Count Locke... It's just a pity she doesn't possess the power of Bloodline, unable to inherit the Locke family."

"What a shame, such a person not having the power of Bloodline... It's a pity, it's like 'perfection' missing its most crucial component."

Elena seemed to hear the whispers, frowning slightly, unnoticed.

The audience was deeply captivated by Elena's performance, they held their breath and gazed intently, afraid to miss any detail of the opera.

As she reached the climax of the song, the entire opera house audience rose to their feet, with thunderous applause and cheers erupting, many with tears glistening in their eyes.

As the opera ended, Elena slowly walked off the stage, expressing her sincerest gratitude to the audience.

"Thank you all..."

She proudly flashed a smile, lifting her head to look at everyone present, and at that moment, every one of them was looking at her.

Nearly every person was mesmerized by her, Elena was the city's most popular person, with all the nobles and celebrities holding her up as a goddess!

The young man outside the opera house slowly opened his eyes, his eyes sparkling with love and longing for art, he turned to the coachman, and nodded gently, indicating that he was ready.

Then Moter took another deep look at the resplendent opera house before turning and heading toward the carriage.

"The clue to that single-digit Forbidden rare artifact is according to the prophecy, within this city."

"If we can obtain it, presumably Grandfather Chris would have a greater chance to advance to the Eighth Tier."

"We must find it before anyone else does... It's said that a heretical cult called 'Blood Moon' has also infiltrated this city."

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

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Chapter 511 Shadow Moon Council

(Correction: An error in an earlier part of the text, Chris is Moter's great-grandfather, not his grandfather.)

A part of Karl's consciousness was in the sky, silently staring down below.

Moter.

The soul of that young man was in fact Lucius, who had passed away many years earlier.

His choice was starkly different from Byrne's. After Lucius's soul was activated, he resolutely decided to live another life, not wishing for eternal peace but yearning to return to the mortal world for a fresh start.

Karl respected his decision.

The Fischer family had done so much for him, and yet there were people who chose to return to service rather than retire completely, of course, there was no reason not to support that.

Lucius, reborn, received enhancements in various aspects and was born with the destiny's trajectory of a "Rewriter."

It was a very powerful destiny trajectory because any theoretically replicable technique or ability he had seen could be wielded once more.

Many swordsmanship instructors spent decades mastering their craft, yet Moter could grasp it after a single viewing and rapidly excel... Though reaching the level of a Sword Master still required long and arduous practice and experience, any skills supported by his "hardware" that he observed once could be quickly mastered to a small degree.

Of course, because he lacked magical talent and specific bloodline powers, most extraordinary powers were impossible for him to replicate.

Yet, at just twelve years old, Moter was already nearing masterful levels in swordsmanship. Below the rank of Sword Master, purely in terms of technique, he proved an exceedingly rare adversary.

Moreover, from a young age, Moter had been a person of calm maturity and flexibility of mind, much like in his previous life. Only now, he had not yet developed that lazy demeanor of the former Lucius and, lacking in experience, occasionally fell short in judgment.

There was one particularly peculiar thing... in this lifetime, Moter had developed a fondness for music and opera, an interest the former Lucius did not possess.

This change occurred because, within Nasir City of this generation, there was a top-tier opera house, and since he was five or six, his father, Prince Arte, often took him there. Over time, he fell in love with operas and a variety of music.

"Lucius, Moter, they are the same person. Although their core personalities haven't changed, interests and hobbies among other minor details are still very different from his previous life."

"Moreover, based on other reincarnated individuals, if later life experiences differ greatly, it's likely that adult personalities will also diverge significantly."

Karl thought silently.

Even if the personalities across two lifetimes of the same soul varied, he still believed they were the same person... Differences in personality are normal, after all, even for any average person; the character trait differences from twenty to thirty years ago and twenty to thirty years hence can never be completely the same. It's a common occurrence for experiences to alter parts of a personality.

"Within Bohr City lies a strong fluctuation of spiritual power... Most likely, it's some sort of powerful single-digit Forbidden rare artifact, but something feels off..."

"Like an oil lamp, its powers seem incomplete, almost as if it's in a situation similar to mine... I see, a single-digit Forbidden rare artifact that has been sealed."

He pondered deeply.

That sealed single-digit Forbidden rare artifact was of great importance to him.

"The Fischer family will obtain it."

After the opera concluded, amidst the adulation and amorous words of many distinguished gentry, a smiling Elena returned to Locke Manor, the largest estate in the city. With Count Locke away, she was essentially the mistress of the grand estate.

Soon, attended by maids in dressing room number seven, she changed her clothes; her smile then faded as she calmly proceeded to her own room.

The room was engulfed in night; she did not light the gaslamp.

And there, already waiting for a long time, was an envoy dressed in black, wearing the Eye of the Raven mask. He was one of the Raven's officers, now a subordinate of the Great Prince Arsh.

His silent presence in the dark cast an intangible pressure on Elena; the man was shrouded in mystery, someone who had been in close contact with members of the Fischer family!

"Envoy, please give your orders."

"The Blood Moon is acting within Bohr City's range, the family needs your cooperation to investigate. Then, there's a second matter... The person in this portrait needs to be monitored, it is a direct command from Prince Arsh."

"Yes, I understand."

Elena's heart raced with excitement. To receive a direct order from Prince Arsh himself, this was no minor matter.

"May I ask, who exactly is he?"

The envoy's voice deepened as he continued, "Do not ask questions about things you do not need to know. Just monitor him and report back."

"I understand!" Elena immediately responded.

Deep within the Locke family's manor, a secret entrance protected by ancient spells was hidden, cleverly disguised as an ordinary stone wall. Only those who knew the specific incantations could unveil the disguise, revealing the special staircase leading to the basement.

Along the staircase, faintly glowing runes seemed to act as guarding forces, while the air was filled with an ancient and mysterious aura.

In the center of the basement stood a long table made from an unknown wood, its surface smooth as a mirror, reflecting the flickering lights and shadows around it.

Seated around the table were a multitude of mysterious individuals cloaked in white robes. Their garments were pristine and embroidered with intricate patterns in gold at the edges. Each person's face was covered with a translucent veil, only exposing deep and focused eyes that revealed a wisdom and composure transcending mere mortals.

The air was permeated with the faint scent of lavender. These mysterious individuals were actually part of a secret organization known as the "Shadow Moon Council." At this moment, they were engaged in a critically important meeting.

"Let's begin."

An elderly man with eyes twinkling with wisdom stood up, gently waved the scepter in his hand, and soft light coalesced in the air forming image after image.

"Recently, there's been unusual activity from heretical cults in Bohr City and the nearby towns and villages. It's very likely the work of the 'Blood Moon,' a cult that worships an otherworldly god."

"A total of nineteen people have perished, all drained of blood under the moonlight, and indeed there is an otherworldly god symbolizing the moon..."

"Their exact purpose remains unclear, but it certainly bodes no good. We should report this matter to the 'High Position Family.' Our power alone may not be enough to defeat them."

During the meeting, soft glimmers of light were occasionally released, indicating their secret exchanges and discussions. Although the outside world knew nothing about them, each person in this basement was an Extraordinary Exponent.

And they practically controlled most of the institutions in Bohr City. These people and their subordinates had thoroughly infiltrated all sectors of society. Without a doubt, the "Shadow Moon Council" was the most powerful force in this city!

For over a decade, many had foolishly attempted to oppose the Shadow Moon Council. Yet, many paid with their lives just for trying to uncover the existence of this mysterious and formidable organization. Your next read is at My Virtual Library Empire

Amongst the shadowed ranks of the "Shadow Moon Council," none was more noteworthy than the enigmatic leader in white—a woman known as Lady Xian Yue.

As the old man spoke, Lady Xian Yue listened intently at the head of the table, silent.

She was not only the intellectual core of the organization but also the undying light in all the members' hearts.

However, no one within the Shadow Moon Council knew that Lady Xian Yue's true identity was Elena Locke. Everyone thought that the young lady in the manor was merely a student of Lady Xian Yue.

Elena wore a white robe woven from moonlight satin, embroidered with silver constellations and crescent moon designs. When she moved, these patterns seemed to come to life, sparkling with mysterious light in the dimness.

"Hear me, this matter is of great importance."

Her features were gently obscured by a veil as thin as a cicada's wing. Her voice, soothing yet powerful, sounded like a heavenly melody from antiquity, instantly calming all clamor in the meeting room and immersing every member in her words.

"I have received an order from the envoy of the High Position Family."

"What?"

"You mean, the envoy!"

Her words struck like a bolt from the blue, leaving everyone present stunned!

They all knew who Lady Xian Yue referred to as the envoy—an individual from the massive entity that controlled the Shadow Moon Council, the behemoth from the East of the Ouden Continent, a presence that struck terror into countless Extraordinary Exponents.

The "High Position Family" on people's lips—the renowned Fischer family!

The last time such a colossal entity's envoy had come was over a decade ago. It was then that Lady Xian Yue and two fortunate individuals were chosen and, after passing a test, became... Blood Receivers of the Dawn Church!

Compared to regular Extraordinary Exponents, the Blood Receivers possessed even more powerful strength. What an enviable reward!

It was without doubt that the three who knew of the Dawn Church's existence and had the privilege to pray to the Great Lord of the Lost were the core of the "Shadow Moon Council," their position towering above those of the ordinary Extraordinary Exponents.

Elena nodded gravely and continued, "Yes, I met with the envoy of the High Position Family. They have tasked us with investigating the Blood Moon, and, in addition, keeping an eye on someone... a young outsider."

"An outsider?" Everyone was slightly taken aback, then Elena took out a moving portrait featuring a blue-haired, Black Eye-Pupil gentleman.

"Yes, him. He's very important!" she said, looking at the youth in the portrait and inhaling sharply.

Who could this young man be, closely watched even by the High Position Family? Could he be a powerful Monarch expert, or perhaps some kind of mysterious, strange incarnation?

Elena did not know. All she knew was that she must obey the orders passed down by the envoy.

In the East of the Ouden Continent, the Fischer family acted as proxies for the Great Lord of the Lost. Their actions could change nations, and their words were a powerful will that absolutely had to be obeyed!

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

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Chapter 512 Illusion Night Dreams

In a hidden corner of Bohr City, there lies a masked club named "Illusion Night Dreams."

It is a dazzling yet dangerous gem in the night, drawing elites from all walks of society. The entrance to the club is concealed by an iron gate carved with intricate totems, and only with a specific invitation can one step into this world filled with temptation and fantasy.

Once one crosses the threshold, the sight that greets the eyes is a bizarre space, with the ceiling hung high with hundreds of dim lights forming starlight, reflecting off the marble floors below, and the air filled with a faint fragrance of flowers, irresistibly intoxicating.

Most guests of the Illusion Night Dreams Club are social elites, Extraordinary nobility, and major merchants of the city, as well as shining stars of the art world; at this moment, all of them wear elaborately designed masks, each mask a unique piece of art, safeguarding their true identities.

In such an environment, while people seem bound by masks, the restraints deep within are unleashed... just like the Alchemy Council decades ago, those wearing masks can do anything without repercussions, eventually abandoning common moral standings and daring to auction and trade everything.

At night, the club's central stage is transformed into a unique auction arena, surrounded by crystal-clear crystal columns, each emitting a soft, shifting light.

On the auction stage, a host in a retro robe, with a deep and magnetic voice, slowly unveils the opening of a mysterious rare artifact auction.

"Gods above, let us begin."

The auction items are presented one by one, each mysterious rare artifact astonishing enough to astonish onlookers, including an ancient crystal ball said to peer into hearts, a mysterious scroll capable of foretelling the future, an old dagger set with unknown gems, and specimens of bizarre plantlife from distant worlds.

While none are as powerful as the Forbidden rare artifacts, these mysterious rare artifacts still evoke endless fascination, making everyone yearn to possess them.

"It's finally starting! I've been so looking forward to this, hahaha!" "The value of money is truly realized here!"

Guests, under the cover of masks, bid spiritedly, the air thick with tension and excitement; here, money becomes the most trivial medium of exchange.

And this auction of mysterious rare artifacts is just the beginning of a much bigger game...

Among the numerous guests, there is also a young man with blue hair and a mask, who is actually Moter, fully disguised. At this moment, he's inconspicuously in a corner of the club.

"The Fischer family in the Eastern Four Kingdoms has nurtured twenty-three subordinate organizations, including large groups like the Dagger Brotherhood and smaller secret organizations, and the Shadow Moon Council is one of those secret organizations serving the Fischer family."

The tall, thin "Pitch Black" slightly bowed his head and calmly talked to Moter about the Shadow Moon Council.

Moter nodded lightly, indicating he understood.

"I see, I think there's no need to communicate with the Shadow Moon Council for now, as it seems they are a secret organization supported by my elder brother Auston, and I don't want to cause any misunderstandings."

After a moment of silence, Pitch Black said indifferently, "Prince Auston won't think too much about it. You and Princess Margo are his most important siblings."

"I know... even the sturdiest rocks in the world can't compare to Auston's love for me and Margo, but I don't want those below us to overthink it and cause unnecessary chaos."

Pitch Black nodded and said, "Alright, then let us rely on ourselves to handle the 'Blood Moon'."

Moter nodded, then fell silent. With "Pitch Black" here, along with his own power, most enemies wouldn't pose a problem.

Although outsiders might not discern it or may even find it unbelievable, his coachman and protector "Pitch Black" is actually a powerful being who has reached the Metamorphosis Phase.

He was originally a noble of great strength from the western part of the continent, a Dragon Bay Person set to inherit the position of Family Head. Later, due to offending the largest noble family in the area, his family was destroyed, and Pitch Black had no choice but to flee to the east of the continent, ultimately pledging allegiance to the local rulers, the Fischer family.

In fact, over the past few years, the number of Extraordinary Exponents and Extraordinary Forces pledging allegiance to or seeking cooperation with the Fischer family has surged across the Ouden Continent as well as in various maritime regions.

After all, with their status and fame reaching this level, possessing vast resources and influence, they naturally attract interested mighty individuals.

"Let's go."

Having said that, Moter walked out from among the crowd, with Pitch Black following behind.

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In fact, Pitch Black felt some sentiment toward how rapidly Prince Moter was maturing, a youth with far greater decisiveness and initiative than most.

In the club's spacious and luxurious dressing room, rows of lockers cast shadows, the air filled with a unique scent that mixed sweat and leather.

The blue-haired masked youth quietly stood in a corner of the room, his eyes gleaming with calm and determination through the tiny slits in his mask.

Suddenly, the door was pushed open, and the boss of the club—a nearly two-meter-tall man wearing a crow mask—walked in.

Extraordinary exponents at the lower Transmutation Level, a presence unapproachable in the eyes of ordinary people...

Moter had instantly judged the opponent's strength. Within the Fischer family and the Dawn Church, there were hundreds of extraordinary exponents that had reached this level of power.

"Who are you?" the club boss asked in a deep voice, filled with threat, but before he finished, the scene before him made his pupils contract sharply.

Without moving his body, Moter merely flicked his right hand lightly, and a dazzlingly beautiful silver sword was drawn from its sheath as if pulled by an invisible force, tracing a brilliant silver arc through the air.

The tip of the sword described a perfect curve in the air, moving with a speed and accuracy that nearly defied the laws of physics, aiming directly at the club boss's vital points.

"Swoosh!"

This was not just a strike but an artful display; Moter's swordsmanship was breathtakingly skillful.

"You!"

The club boss's eyes shifted rapidly from initial disdain to panic. He tried to dodge, but all his struggles were futile before the silver sword.

With a slight tremble in mid-air, the sword tip steadied itself just a few millimeters from his throat, a chilling aura paralyzing him, rendering him completely immobile.

"You, you..." The club boss's voice trembled, his usual imposing presence swept away, replaced by profound awe at the unknown power.

He was not very clear on just how strong the opponent's power of Bloodline was, but he was certain it was far stronger than his own.

The blue-haired young man curled up the corners of his mouth beneath the mask into a faint smile. His voice was calm and powerful, "Remember, no matter how powerful you are, there is always light that pierces through darkness. Today is your day of reckoning."

With these words, the young man slowly withdrew the silver sword. Throughout the process, he did not hesitate or falter; everything was under his control.

Now, the club boss could only sit powerlessly on the ground, his eyes full of despair and resentment.

Moter's expression remained calm as he continued, "Tell me, the puppet master behind the scenes... the organization using the club auction to earn money, Blood Moon, tell me all their information!"

Upon hearing "Blood Moon," the club owner's expression instantly changed. He ground his teeth and repeatedly shook his head, "I, I can't tell... Those people will kill me, and they'll kill all my family members too!"

"Just kill me!"

At that moment, inside the club, an unprecedented transformation quietly unfolded.

"This is the final showstopper of the auction, a flower from a mysterious forbidden land, likely a high-level Extraordinary material!"

The space, previously bustling and lively, suddenly found itself enveloped by an eerie and unsettling atmosphere. All eyes were involuntarily drawn to the center stage—there, a previously unseen flower of blood-red color slowly bloomed under everyone's gaze.

The petals of this flower, as if drenched in fresh blood, possessed a deep and bizarre hue, emitting an indescribable charm coupled with a hint of indefinable danger.

As it unfolded, a blood-red enchanting mist rose slowly from the heart of the flower, spreading quietly like the morning fog, rapidly filling the entire club.

Initially, the guests were merely curiously sniffing this unusual scent; some even showed expressions of ecstasy, but quickly, the mist's magical power seeped through everyone's pores, infiltrating their inner consciousness, awakening the wildness and madness lurking at the bottom of their hearts!

Their gazes grew hazy, their mouths twisted into ghastly smiles, their bodies uncontrollably shaking. Soon, a primitive, instinctive urge took over their minds, and the guests began attacking each other, each becoming mortal enemies with the others. Fists flew, furniture was hurled around, and screams and roars intertwined. The club instantly turned into a chaotic battlefield.

Friends turned against each other with animosity, and strangers were ruthlessly violent. Those who had once been graceful gentlemen and elegant, dignified ladies now turned into furious beasts. Their eyes were filled only with the intent to kill and destroy.

The blood-red mist acted as a catalyst, utterly igniting the darkest, most barbaric aspects of human nature!

"What in the world is happening?"

"God!"

In the chaos, only a few who held their breath remained alert, watching the unfolding horror around them, attempting to escape this terrible hell, but the exits were blocked by the frenzied crowd!

And that blood-red flower continued to bloom quietly in the center of the stage, seemingly the chief culprit of all this chaos, yet appearing merely as an indifferent observer.

Bathed in the glow of the blood-red mist, its petals appeared even more enchanting and sinister.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

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Chapter 513 The Blood Mist Plan

In the nightclub, ravaged by a blood-colored fog and engulfed in madness, the blue-haired masked youth arrived like an unexpected breeze, cutting through the chaos and clamor.

His eyes, peering through the slits of his mask, flashed with an all-seeing light; he had foreseen the calamity that was descending upon them.

"The Blood Moon, huh?"

Moter's expression was calm as he stared at the unknown blood-colored flower at the center.

When the blood-colored flower bloomed on the center stage and released its intoxicating fog, he chose not to flee but resolutely stepped into the heart of the mayhem.

Moter moved with steady strides, each step leaving deep marks on the ground.

As he approached the stage, the blood-colored fog seemed to sense a threat, swirling violently, attempting to block his advance.

But the youth did not stop. His Silver Sword shone with a piercing light under the dim lighting, its tip drawing silver arcs through the air, forging a clear path through the fog.

Finally, he stood before the blood-colored flower.

The flower continued to bloom, each petal soaked as if in fresh blood, emanating a heartbeat-accelerating scent.

But Moter showed not a hint of retreat; instead, he held his breath, a steady light twinkling in his eyes. He then swung his sword like lightning, striking the base of the flower with unbelievable speed and precision.

"Clang!"

A crisp sound of metal striking metal rang out as if some invisible force had been severed!

Under the sword's glow, the blood-colored flower withered instantly, its petals scattering to the ground, and the intoxicating fog dissipated as if it had never existed.

The madness in the crowd slowly subsided, but the youth did not let down his guard.

He knew well that behind everything, there must be a deeper conspiracy.

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Therefore, Moter turned his head to look, having already noticed who among the frenzied crowd weren't really lost in madness but were only pretending.

Without a doubt, those who feigned madness to kill innocents amidst the chaos were the people of the Blood Moon!

He then began to weave through the crowd, the Silver Sword dancing flexibly in his hands. Each swing was carefully aimed to avoid the innocent and strike directly at those hidden manipulators among the crowd.

Moter's swordsmanship was so exquisite it was breathtaking, each attack flowing smoothly, both graceful and deadly.

Under his blade, those who tried to manipulate minds and create chaos revealed their true forms, some with throats pierced, others with limbs severed, powerless to do further harm.

"Ah!"

"Damn it!"

In the end, as the last hidden manipulator fell under the glow of the sword, the chaos within the nightclub completely ceased.

As people fully awoke from their madness, they looked around at the mess and the many corpses, screaming and panicking, while some looked at the blue-haired masked youth with eyes filled with awe and gratitude.

"What just happened, I felt like I was going insane!"

"God! What on earth took place!"

"Who is this youth?"

"Don't know, he's wearing a mask just like us."

Moter, however, simply silently sheathed his Silver Sword and turned to leave, casting a lone, resolute silhouette.

Meanwhile, his coachman, Pitch Black, discreetly took away several still-living heretics.

"Interrogate them, Pitch Black," Moter ordered calmly outside the nightclub after he had left.

At the same time, Elena of the Shadow Moon Council was closely monitoring the blue-haired masked youth through intricate Magic Crystals.

She felt an unprecedented shock and amazement as she witnessed the blue-haired youth slash through the mysterious blood-colored flowers with incredible swordsmanship within the blood fog, accurately striking the hidden manipulators amid the crowd, saving people from their madness and despair.

"How... how is this possible?"

She muttered to herself, her voice filled with disbelief.

In Elena's understanding, the blue-haired youth she was to supervise was just a young man, somewhat special, but surely not capable of such immense power, for the enhancement of Bloodline power required time, and even the most talented individuals would find it hard to reach the Transmutation Level in their early teens!

However, the scene before her completely overturned her understanding!

Elena stared intently at the Magic Crystal as it replayed the scene, afraid of missing any detail.

She saw the blue-haired boy weaving through the chaos with a Silver Sword in his hand, as ethereal as a dancing elf, with each strike precise and lethal, as though no force could stop him.

She even felt that each movement of the blue-haired boy held an indescribable grace and composure, as if he had already seen everything through and was merely toying with those who attempted to challenge him in a game-like manner.

"Who... who is he?"

Elena asked softly, her voice filled with confusion and awe. She realized that the blue-haired boy was no ordinary person; deep secrets and powers must be hidden behind him.

"No wonder that High Position Family ordered surveillance..."

At this moment, she began to reassess the blue-haired boy, realizing that her previous judgment might have been too one-sided and superficial.

"Who are you? Why are you here?"

Suddenly, a voice sounded behind Elena!

Elena was slightly stunned; just as she was about to release some Extraordinary power, she found a Silver Sword already pointed at her neck.

Moter Fischer stood calmly behind her, his eyes completely cold, the youth with a chillingly ruthless intent to kill.

The more he dreamed of those memories belonging to that man, the more mature his mind became, and a bone-chilling killing intent buried deep within his heart.

Elena almost subconsciously felt cold in her hands and feet; since her mother handed the Shadow Moon Council over to her, she had never been so close to real death!

"I..."

She had no idea how to answer; betraying the High Position Family would surely mean certain death for her too!

"Hmm, tell me, why were you spying on me?"

Moter smiled slightly, still with cold eyes, but with a smile, he continued, "If your answer is incorrect, then your head will not continue to stay in the right place."

In every corner of the city, those grotesquely bewitching blood-red flowers spread rapidly like a plague, silently blooming and releasing enticing blood-red Fog, shrouding the entire city under an ominous shadow.

The city at night was no longer synonymous with hustle and bustle but had become a sea of eeriness and despair.

In the half-darkness of night, the secret heretical cult quietly observed all this.

They wore blood-red robes and half-translucent Masks, revealing only their deep, indifferent eyes, floating in mid-air like silent Specters.

The secret organization was called the "Blood Moon"; they possessed ancient Magic Power and worshipped the "Eternal Moon" of the otherworldly god.

The Eternal Moon.

It too was an otherworldly god who controlled the time of one in the morning.

The Eternal Moon held all the Yin Energy of the universe, corresponding to Primordial Fire, which controlled Yang Energy; most who were bathed in Its moonlight would become crazed and chaotic.

At this moment, the members of the "Blood Moon" organization watched with cold and arrogant postures the chaos and despair they had instigated.

"How is the Blood Fog plan progressing?" a deep, magnetic voice echoed through the night sky, that of the leader of the Blood Moon, a mysterious and powerful Mage.

"Everything is going smoothly, my lord."

Another voice answered respectfully; he was a high-ranking member of the Blood Moon, monitoring every corner of the city through magical means.

"Good, let the Blood Fog cover the entire city under the moonlight; only when the people sink into the deepest despair will they realize the true value of power," the leader of the Blood Moon said coldly, his eyes flashing with fanaticism and ambition.

With his order, those blood-red flowers spread throughout the city seemed to receive a Summoning, and they began to release the blood-red Fog even more fiercely, completely enveloping the city.

In the Fog, people began to fall into madness and chaos, their eyes filled with nothing but slaughter and destruction, as if the whole world had plunged into the abyss of the apocalypse.

The people of the Blood Moon coldly watched all this from above, only when the people fell into the deepest despair would they be willing to offer everything to the Eternal Moon and become servants of moonlight.

"Huh, one of the flowers has been destroyed."

Just then, the person monitoring the situation of the entire city paused, then projected the image into the sky, and everyone saw the unique figure of a blue-haired boy.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

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Chapter 514 The Favored Clan of Eternal Moon

"Hmm, got it..."

Moter soon learned many things from Elena, and although she didn't reveal the situation of the High Position Family, she disclosed that she was with the Shadow Moon Council.

So that was it.

"The Shadow Moon Council, I know of your existence, didn't expect to encounter you here. In the eyes of the ordinary people of this city, Extraordinary Exponents are beings

not to be trifled with, and in the eyes of those Extraordinary Exponents, your Shadow Moon Council is undoubtedly a terrifying organization."

He smiled, knowing that the Shadow Moon Council was one of the secret organizations under the Fischer family, and it was clear that she had not lied at all.

While the alertness deep in Moter's heart hadn't completely subsided, he also realized that she was highly unlikely to be an enemy.

That's good.

The lady before him, he could judge from various details unnoticed by normal humans that she indeed was the famously renowned opera star of Bohr City.

Although she had just used a pseudonym, she must be the "Elena".

Moter loved music, and naturally adored those with a talent for it, feeling admiration and fondness for her.

Although if it came to a point where he needed to kill, he indeed would do so, not killing such a "living art treasure" was undoubtedly a good thing.

He slowly sheathed his sword blade, and said calmly, "Hmm, Lady Elena, do you know about the Blood Moon? I and they are more or less enemies."

Elena blinked, the opponent had actually seen through her real identity, ever since she had taken over part of the Shadow Moon Council from her mother, she had always hidden it very well.

"You are enemies? I thought... well, the Blood Moon we speak of is a secretive cult that worships the otherworldly god 'Eternal Moon,' and it is also one of the ancient cults. Their followers on the Ouden Continent number in the thousands, mostly hidden within the Silver Moon Church."

"Silver Moon Church..." Moter blinked, a connection between two moon-worshipping churches was something he was not very aware of.

"Yes." Elena nodded, and continued.

"Because many of the Blood Moon's followers claim that the so-called Silver Moon is also a part of Eternal Moon, and Silver Moon Lady is an incarnation of the Blood Moon... Many of the Blood Moon followers were originally followers of Silver Moon, and in these years, as the Gods no longer give divine oracles, more and more of the original Silver Moon followers have started believing in Eternal Moon!"

She took a light breath, gazing at the masked young man as she spoke:

"Those Blood Moon followers, like one leech after another, lurk in the Silver Moon Church, germinating danger!"

"So that's how it is."

Moter, not so deeply knowledgeable about mysticism, nodded his head, thoroughly understanding the situation with Blood Moon.

Just then, he felt danger!

And a very strong signal of danger!

"Hmm? What's going on?"

Their expressions became serious, Elena, incredulous and shocked, saw blood-red fog appearing within their field of vision.

It appeared to be engulfing the entire city!

The city, tightly enshrouded by the ominous blood-red fog, was enveloped by the nightfall, consuming all the light one by one.

The blood-red fog was not just a visual hindrance; it seemed to carry some eerie power, noiselessly permeating every inch of space, every heart.

"Ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah!"

People moved through the fog, their steps shifting from initial haste to staggering, their eyes shifting from confusion to fanaticism.

The blood-red fog seemed to possess a certain magic power, able to awaken the most primal fears and desires in people's hearts, amplifying them infinitely.

In the weak light, people's faces appeared horrifying, with mouths carrying either meaningless smiles or fierce roars. Every soul was pulled by invisible chains toward an unknown abyss of madness.

"Augh!"

Chaos, everywhere.

The former bustling streets had now become a stage for disorder and violence, with screams, cries, and roars intertwining to form a symphony of despair.

Shop windows were smashed, goods scattered about, ignored by anyone; police tried to maintain order, but their voices were soon drowned out by this irresistible wave of madness, even drawing their pistols to shoot at ordinary people.

At the edge of dreams woven by the blood-red mist and reality, the boundary between sanity and madness blurred.

"The source is in the center of the city!"

Moter's gaze was firm and sharp. He left Elena's side in an instant, entirely disregarding her life safety. His goal was to cut off the problem source quickly, his steps steady and brisk, evidently heading towards some important destination.

As he got closer to the center of the city, an oppressive and bizarre aura grew stronger. The air was filled with an ominous blood-red mist that slowly rose, obscuring the constellations.

Finally, the young man arrived at the ritual site in the city center—a clearing surrounded by ancient runes, with an ancient stone altar standing in the middle. Around the altar stood the mysterious people releasing blood-red mist through blood-red flowers throughout the city, draped in blood-red robes, their faces hidden in the shadow of hoods, their hands holding staffs that flickered with eerie light.

Moter stopped in his tracks, his eyes blazing, scanning the enemies around him.

He slowly raised his silver sword, its blade emanating a faint glow, containing some mysterious power. The silver sword tip gently vibrated, as if eager for the impending battle.

His voice echoed in this place, firm and forceful, "Your actions end here."

"Kill him!" the leader of the Blood Moon's main priest shook his head.

Then, the mysterious people of the Blood Moon emitted a low laughter, the sound similar to the gates of Hell being slowly opened, filled with mockery and disdain.

Their blood-red robes swayed, intensifying the blood-red mist as if intending to engulf the young man within.

But Moter did not retreat. With a crisp sound of the sword, the battle was about to erupt!

The blue-haired young man, like the brightest star in the night sky, jumped into the battlefield enveloped in blood-red. His sword light flashed, intertwining and colliding with the mysterious people's power!

Apart from the main priest and some other priests who did not act recklessly, the other dozen members of the Blood Moon attacked Moter, among them five were at the Transmutation Level.

However, Moter, with superior swordsmanship and solid strength, faced the multitude unafraid. He suddenly released a potent rune power from within himself—

The Emerald Ring!

A flash of green light swept through, easily slaying seven of his enemies. Half of the Blood Moon's members were instantly annihilated!

"Pitch Black!"

Moter suddenly roared, and then the hidden Pitch Black entered the scene, transforming into a seven-eight meters tall black werewolf, rushing mercilessly towards the Blood Moon's main priest!

"Hmph!"

Suddenly, a burst of blood-red light exploded from the body of the Blood Moon's leader, a defensive Forbidden rare artifact directly sending Pitch Black flying.

"Blood Moon that master all hidden energies! I offer these humble sacrifices to you, please let your favored clan help us achieve your great cause!"

Suddenly, an abnormal change occurred in the sky!

The night sky, previously enveloped by thick blood-red mist, now slowly rose a sinister Blood Moon.

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It was not the usual red, but a deep, thick dark red as if it could drip blood, its light penetrating the thick mist and illuminating the entire city like a scene from Hell, every inch of air filled with fear.

Then, from the center of the Blood Moon, a huge, indescribable chaotic monster slowly emerged.

The monster had countless writhing tentacles that waved in the air, like demon whips in the night, each swing accompanying twisting and tearing of space.

Its body seemed to be made of pure darkness and chaos, lacking a fixed shape, sometimes condensing into a ferocious skull, sometimes dispersing into countless

screaming souls, the sound it emitted like the wail of thousands of lost souls, striking the deepest fears of the heart.

Moter's expression immediately turned grave; he knew that even with Pitch Black's help, it was still difficult to bridge such a gap and defeat an enemy at the Monarch Level.

"The power of a Monarch Level..."

Every corner of the city was filled with despair and panic, residents screaming and scattering, yet nowhere to escape.

As the monster descended, the blood-red mist already permeating the city grew even denser, almost solidifying, engulfing buildings, streets, and even the figures of people completely.

"Aoo!"

Just then, Moter was gazed upon by the monster, feeling intense pressure all over his body, almost losing the ability to resist.

He could only kneel down, praying to the great Lord of the Lost, clearly aware that he was powerless.

"Great Lord of the Lost, please save your protected Fischer."

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

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Chapter 515 The 6th Rung "Repairman"

Favored clan of the Eternal Moon.

Beldos.

It was born from the moonlight, summoned by the chaos and distortion of the people under the Blood Moon.

The powerful Monster exuded a terrifying presence, an overwhelming oppression that subdued everyone, Moter's brow was deeply furrowed, while Elena stood motionless, completely at a loss for what to do.

Even the followers of the Blood Moon knelt down filled with reverence in the presence of the mighty favored clan.

"O Eternal Moon! We forever revere your blood-colored moonlight! Your power is immensely strong, and the entire world shall be dyed in your light!"

The leader of the Blood Moon's followers knelt on the ground, his face full of piety and worship, praying loudly.

"Beldos! On the name of the Eternal Moon, I command you, destroy this city, and offer up all life as a sacrifice to the great Eternal Moon!"

The blood-red moon hung high in the sky, its light not gently cast down but like blood, crimson and with an ominous premonition, enveloping the entire world in a strange and suffocating atmosphere.

The city streets were now oppressed by an ineffable fear.

Beldos's massive form was entwined with countless writhing tentacles, each as lively and deadly as a living creature, flailing in the air, dripping with viscous fluid, accompanied by a spine-chilling low chant, like a call from the Abyss.

The Monster's eyes blazed with dark red flames, devoid of emotion, filled only with a pure desire for slaughter.

Suddenly, the favored clan named Beldos began to attack wildly, its tentacles extending like lightning, instantly destroying the buildings surrounding the city, as people ran about in panic.

In the face of the Monster, the speed of humans seemed so powerless, screams and shrieks intermingling, Bohr City plunged into chaos and despair in a very short time, heavy casualties, blood flowing like rivers.

"We must kill that thing if we want to survive."

Moter's eyes flashed with unwavering resolve as he charged towards the chaotic Monster at a speed beyond that of ordinary humans, his silver sword transforming into a silver dragon, aiming straight for the Monster's core.

However, the power possessed by the favored clan of the Eternal Moon was far beyond imagination, its tentacles seemed to be everywhere, with every attack full of power, simultaneously looking for opportunities to counter.

While Moter's swordsmanship was exquisite, he gradually fell into a disadvantage against the Monster's overwhelming force.

His clothes were torn to shreds, several wounds of varying depths appeared on his body, his blue hair soaked with sweat, sticking to his forehead, looking exceptionally disheveled.

However, Moter's eyes were still filled with conviction.

The young man had no thought of retreating. It wasn't that he didn't want to retreat; his nature was rather cold and indifferent, and he had no intention of saving strangers.

But now there was simply no way to retreat. Gritting his teeth, at this moment, only a desperate fight remained!

He used every interval between attacks to adjust his breathing and posture, preparing for the final counterattack, and under the crimson moonlight, the young man's confrontation with the Monster became a shocking sight!

The leader of the Blood Moon said in disbelief, "How is that possible? He can actually stand up to a Monarch Level favored clan for a short time, when he's merely an Extraordinary Exponent of Transmutation Level!"

The true power Moter possessed was incredibly strong, through the legacy accumulated over generations by the Fischer family, even though he was at the Lower Transmutation Level and 3rd Rank of Extraordinary Exponents, he essentially had the strength close to Monarch Level.

But that was only "close" after all.

The balance was shattered!

Suddenly a tentacle pierced through Moter's body. He felt intense pain, his body suffering a serious injury that couldn't be ignored.

Pain!

Intense pain!

Moter took a deep breath, knowing that if his physique hadn't been much stronger than that of an ordinary person, that attack could have been fatal.

A strong sense of crisis suddenly surged in his mind!

He didn't want to die!

He absolutely didn't want to die!

"O Lord of the Lost! If you truly are omnipotent, please save me!"

His inner self roared almost to the point of bellowing!

An indescribable anomaly broke Moter's sense of crisis.

At the edge of the sky, a dark fog so thick it seemed almost tangible rose noiselessly, like the door to the Abyss slowly being pushed open, quickly spreading, devouring all light around it.

The black fog carried a deep and oppressive aura that chilled the heart, as if the air itself had solidified.

The outline of the city became blurrier and more distorted, buildings, streets, pedestrians, and even the finest dust particles, all were tinged with an unreal grey-white color, like a painting forgotten by time, tranquil yet with a hint of ill omen.

Time seemed to have lost its meaning in this moment, everything stood still, and it was within the heart-thumping silence that a figure slowly emerged from the dense black fog.

He was a man, tall and straight, with a steady and powerful stride, each step leaving an indelible mark in the space around him.

Felix Fischer.

The grey-white world gradually dissipated, and everyone's attention turned to that man.

He was dressed in an imposing black outfit exuding an aura of authority and formidable power. As his gaze swept across his surroundings, the world seemed to tremble slightly wherever it landed.

"Moter..."

In an instant, Felix had reached Moter's side. He extended his hand and gently touched the other's body. In the following moment, Moter's injuries were healed as if they had never been.

It was the unique extraordinary power of the "Repairman" at the 6th Rank of Path of Forging.

"Omnipotent Repair"

Whether it was a living being or an inanimate object, as long as the Repairman's limb touched it, it could use Spiritual Power to completely restore it to the state it was in a few seconds ago... Rather than repair, it was more like an ability to rewind time on an individual!

Moreover, this ability was effective not only for allies and buildings but could also affect enemies in real combat. Felix had even used "Omnipotent Repair" to undo powerful transformations of his enemies!

In the Spirit Realm, it took the form of an old man with one arm, holding a pocket watch in his hand.

He slowly rose into the air, standing atop the ruins of the city, surrounded by an indescribable extraordinary power. His eyes flashed with intense light, like two burning constellations.

"O great Lord of the Lost, I am about to follow Your Divine Oracle!"

Felix slowly raised his hands, palms facing upward. Instantly, the surrounding houses began to tremble, bricks and steel twisted and recombined silently, like blocks manipulated by an invisible hand. The ground also heeded his Summoning, cracks crisscrossing and soil billowing as massive stones rose from beneath the earth, converging according to a mysterious order into a colossal entity!

A giant over a hundred meters tall composed of rubble, broken walls, and twisted metal, possessed a heart-thumping power.

The giant seemed to have its own life, its eyes formed by two blazing flames. Each step it took made the earth tremble, becoming an extension of Felix's will, faithfully executing his every thought.

The crafted giant, infused with Felix's rune power, was extremely powerful, able to activate the Reflection Barrier, which directly reflected the attacks of enemies below the level of Heavenly Enlightenment several times.

Members of the favored clan of the Eternal Moon, Beldos, rushed over, only to be repelled by the giant, sent flying hundreds of meters away!

"Roar!"

Driven by the unwavering will of Felix, the giant let out a deafening roar, charging forward again to knock the monster to the ground with a Heavy Strike. It then used its massive body to firmly pin it down, delivering lethal blows until the Beldos lay completely still, turning into an invisible black mist that dissipated in the air.

Everyone was stunned!

A Monarch Level favored clan member had been defeated by the giant summoned by Felix Fischer in a short time!

It was simply inconceivable!

Moter, lying on the ground, looked up at his uncle and took a breath. Among the important members of the Fischer family, he was only stronger than those of his generation.

The elders, each and every one of them, were powerful "monsters"!

Elena recognized him too, shaking with excitement. That was an important member of the Fischer family, quite possibly the next Family Head!

Mr. Felix!

"I actually, actually got the chance to see a direct member of the Fischer family with my own eyes! I'm so lucky! O great Lord of the Lost, thank You for Your protection! Thank You for saving me! Fischer, it's wonderful, you really appeared by my side!"

After the battle, the giant slowly disintegrated, turning back into rubble and dust, returning to the earth.

The altar had been completely destroyed, and the numerous blood-colored flowers throughout the city began to wither. Then, the blood-red moon in the sky gradually disappeared, and the terrifying blood-colored fog that had covered the city also began to vanish.

Felix stood there, looking at the tranquil ruins of the city, murmuring to himself, "Blood Moon, huh? I didn't expect you'd try to sacrifice this city... But that Forbidden rare artifact, it must also be in your hands, right?"

"This can't be!"

The cultists of the Blood Moon were dumbfounded, unable to believe that a favored clan member of the otherworldly god "Eternal Moon" had been defeated by a mortal!

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Felix's expression was grave. As the person in the family who took his responsibilities most seriously and strictly, he looked at the heretics as if they were mere insects.

"Hmph, you are a bunch of despicable heretics, a stain upon this world."

"The Fischer family is truly favored by the Divine, meeting us is the opportunity for your destruction... We will guide this world to become His kingdom on earth."

The next moment, a smirking Felix created multiple bullets infused with extraordinary power and released them without hesitation, accurately hitting the cultists of the Blood Moon, effectively orchestrating a massacre!

Only the terrified leader of the Blood Moon was left kneeling on the ground, speechless.

The Fischer family, that legendary family was so powerful!

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 516 Forbidden Rare Artifact: Number 9

"Omnipotent Vision"

The next moment, the leader of the Blood Moon was knocked out by Felix.

"The previous leader of the Blood Moon was also a Monarch Level powerhouse who was eradicated by the Saint of the Sun Church a few years ago, and their current leader is absurdly weak."

Felix spoke seriously, with disdain and calmness in his expression.

"If it weren't for the Blood Moon's severe decline, they likely wouldn't have taken the risk of trying to use a ritual that sacrifices an entire city in exchange for a powerful favored clan."

However, Moter was well aware that even such a Monarch Level terrifying monster would still be less fearsome than Uncle Felix himself.

The actions of the Blood Moon were nothing short of courting self-destruction; they were accelerating the process of the entire cult's demise.

He confirmed that the blood-red mist had dissipated, so he took a shallow breath, slowly rose to his feet, and gently shook his head.

"Thank you for saving me, Uncle Felix."

Moter bowed slightly, and at the same time, he dispelled his disguise, revealing his characteristic silver-white long hair once again.

This was a physical trait that all members of Chris's line possessed, and it was incredibly conspicuous. Experience tales at My Virtual Library Empire

In recent years, the calls for the Fischer Family's internal clan to branch out had become louder and louder, and it was very probable that in the future, they would split into two, with the distinguishing boundary more likely to be their hair color.

As the number of those loyal to the Fischer family grew and their territory expanded, the internal factions became increasingly numerous. Consequently, the degree of familiarity among non-direct members began to decline, and even many middle-ranking members of the Dawn Church had seen each other only once or twice in over a decade. This led to a change in their views of the Fischers, as many subordinates consciously distinguished between direct family members.

Black-haired Fischers, white-haired Fischers.

Most of them felt that Chris was not involved in management, while Darren and Christine, respectively, represented the two poles of the Fischer family's say.

In fact, in successive family meetings, it was essentially only Darren and Christine who could make final decisions and argue.

Although the two had never truly stood in opposition, whether they liked it or not, their subordinates would automatically and consciously choose sides.

And Moter's older brother, Auston, and younger sister Margo, all three were Arte's children, and currently served Queen Peggy of the Cyart Kingdom.

His aunt Delia also had two children, named Ron and Phil, and Felix also had two children, Carter and his second son Hui.

Two years ago, Carter finally succeeded in marrying the daughter of the Prime Minister of the Lorne Empire, and a year ago, they had a girl named Perona.

Adding to that every direct family member was tied to many other relatives, to this day, every time the Fischer family had a significant event, the manor or palace was bound to be bustling with people.

Without a doubt, the Fischer family had become a vast century-old Extraordinary family!

"Ah!"

Elena was completely stunned when she saw Moter's true face, utterly dumbfounded.

He was actually a member of the Fischer family!

The young man was dressed in a fine suit, exuding an elegance beyond his years in his comportment, and his eyes twinkled with the light of wisdom.

Beyond her shock, Elena felt an indescribable excitement well up in her heart.

She had never imagined she would have such an opportunity to meet members of the Fischer family she admired so much at such close quarters.

"Is it really you, Fischer...?" Her voice trembled slightly, both with a desire for confirmation and amazement at this twist of fate.

Elena had grown up listening to legends of the Fischer family, who in her mind, could do no wrong and were the strongest force in the East of the continent.

After joining the Dawn Church, Elena came to realize the greatness of the Lord of the Lost and also became aware... that the Fischer family had always been under divine protection and bestowed with blessings!

They were a favored clan chosen by the divine, stronger than any other family on the continent and truly worthy of being a High Position Family!

Meanwhile, Felix, seemingly indifferent to everything around him, looked at Moter and nodded solemnly without paying attention to Elena: "It's up to you, Moter, to find that single-digit Forbidden rare artifact."

"With this, the fourth of the thirteen clues we've obtained is about to be realized... and this must be the most important clue of all. A single-digit Forbidden rare artifact, the power it contains is unimaginable to the ordinary person!"

The thick black mist rose again, and Felix could not stay for long. He looked at Moter with a serious expression and nodded, then disappeared along with the thick black mist.

Fifteen years ago.

Chris used the Wishing Divine Lamp, making a wish that had a cooldown of thirty years.

It was undoubtedly extremely important.

His wish was not to obtain something tangible but to "gain all the clues and information about the Forbidden rare artifacts and Extraordinary materials that the Fischer family had the opportunity to obtain".

The wish was granted.

Thus, in Chris's mind, thirteen information clues unexpectedly surfaced, pointing to various places in the Ouden Continent and even the Spirit Realm. Each piece of information corresponded to a Forbidden rare artifact numbered in at least the double digits, or top-tier Extraordinary materials useful for high-ranking Consecution Extraordinaries.

To date, the Fischer family had already realized three pieces of information, obtaining two Extraordinary materials required for the Eighth Tier and one for the 10th Rank, along with a powerful Forbidden rare artifact numbered 88.

Moter was acutely aware that Uncle Felix was almost the person within his family who valued responsibility the most. In fact, he and his grandmother, Christine, were similar in some ways, both wholeheartedly serving the family, except that Uncle Felix was more composed and serious, while Grandmother Christine was skilled in scheming and indifference.

"I understand, Uncle Felix, I will certainly bring it back," he immediately said.

Moter quickly began searching the area, pondering the surroundings and knowing that nearby government and Church personnel were likely to arrive soon.

"To offer a city as a sacrifice for a favored clan of Monarch Level, these people of the Eternal Moon are truly frightening."

Moter smiled calmly and issued an order to Elena.

"Instead of talking so much while you're free, how about you help look for it? Pitch Black, you shouldn't idle either."

"Yes, yes, I got it."

To Elena, the sight of Moter was one of absolute superiority, even though she was also the daughter of an Earl, she obeyed the command promptly.

However, after searching for a long time, the three of them found nothing of substance.

"To have not found anything after such a long time..."

Just as the Church and government people were about to arrive at the scene, Moter suddenly discovered something peculiar among the carcasses of the Specter monsters.

It was a Single-lens Glasses.

"It's this, this is it! I've finally found it, this is wonderful!"

In an instant, Moter was incredibly excited. A Forbidden rare artifact numbered in the single digits, and he had found it!

Only, something about it seemed off.

It was a Single-lens Glasses imbued with ancient power, the Forbidden rare artifact numbered nine, named "Omnipotent Vision."

The frame was made of an unknown Dark Metal, engraved with intricate runes that would slightly Flash under moonlight.

The lens was a piece of bizarre transparent crystal, not just matter but more like a bridge connecting reality with illusion, capable of capturing subtle fluctuations and phenomena that ordinary people could not see.

Whoever wore the "Omnipotent Vision" would instantly feel a surge of ancient power entering their body, and their vision would undergo a drastic transformation.

The ordinary world would be covered by a mysterious radiance, revealing hidden Array principles, vulnerabilities of Extraordinary powers, and Specter creatures traversing through spatial rifts—all made manifest by the power of this Forbidden rare artifact.

The effect of the "Omnipotent Vision" was to see through everything one wished to see!

It could even see through the effects of many Forbidden rare artifacts' powers and then completely neutralize that power.

The cost, however, was that each time it was used, it would burn away a friend's soul.

"What's going on?"

However, Moter furrowed his brows; the "Omnipotent Vision" was encased in layer upon layer of powerful Seals.

These Seals weren't mere Magic Spells but invisible shackles formed by the power of some Divine entity, tightly restraining the true power of the "Omnipotent Vision."

Moter played with the Single-lens Glasses in his hand, shaking his head.

Even though he could touch its material form, he was unable to use the real power contained within. It lay there like an ordinary piece of glass, utterly lifeless.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

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Chapter 517 Heart of the East: Nasir

Capital of Cyart Kingdom.

Nasir City.

At dusk, the setting sun painted the sky a splendid gold and red. The entire city was enveloped in a layer of gentle radiance, as sunlight, like fine silk, pierced through thin clouds, gently falling onto the shimmering surface of the water. The sea breeze, carrying a hint of saltiness, gently brushed past the ancient, solid stone pillars by the dock.

Adorned with intricate carvings and bearing the flag of the Cyart Kingdom, a steamship slowly approached the harbor. Guided by ropes, it firmly docked at the pier. A young man, dressed in neat dark clothing and wearing a refined top hat, slowly descended the gangway, his steps steady and confident, each one revealing a maturity and poise beyond his years.

"Lady Elena, we have arrived."

Moter lightly tapped his slender cane against the deck, creating a rhythmic sound. Around them were a few pieces of simple luggage, each being picked up by Pitch Black and other servants.

Elena followed Moter, nodding slightly, unable to suppress the excitement within her, as she gazed toward Nasir City with curiosity and joy.

"This is the premier city of the East, the heart of the East on the Ouden Continent, Nasir City! I heard about this place when I was a child; back then, it was not as well-known. Now, I finally have the chance to be here."

The population of Cyart people has swollen to tens of millions amidst rampant industrialization, and the development of Nasir City over the past fifteen years has undoubtedly been meteoric. It's not only due to various Consecutions, especially the Path of Forging's aid to Nasir, but also because under the deliberate control of the Fischer family, Nasir has almost become the railway hub and maritime center for Eastern countries. The annual flow of people and goods ranks first in the East of the Ouden Continent.

Furthermore, the Fischer family prioritized the construction of Nasir City by mobilizing resources from Eastern countries and the White Sea. Under massive policy support, the population of Nasir City exploded from several hundred thousand to a terrifying million, becoming the "Heart of the East on the Ouden Continent" in just fifteen years from a well-developed industrial port city.

Originally, the several towns and many villages surrounding Nasir City have now all become part of Nasir City, although many "more local" locals reluctantly admit this.

In simple terms, the closer you are to the Fischer family manor, the more prestigious the land is in people's eyes. Essentially, any place "where you can see the Fischer Manor"

becomes incredibly valuable, so much so that even having money isn't enough to buy it. People who live near the streets of Fischer Manor are mostly from high society.

Nasir Manor is considered more prestigious than the Queen's palace, a consensus held by almost everyone.

Not just the nobles of Cyart, but even the original nobles from Rhea, as well as some Carnians and Vallere citizens, have moved to Nasir with immense wealth.

"Thank you for your effort, everyone."

After disembarking, the young man smiled and nodded in thanks to the workers on the dock before striding along a cobblestone path towards the heart of the city, Nasir Manor.

Elena also immediately followed Moter's steps, curiously surveying Nasir, the heart of the East on the continent.

On both sides of the street were towering buildings; the stone-paved roads glistened with a warm luster under the sunlight. From the corner café came melodious piano sounds and deep conversations. Men wore tall top hats, women were in fitted long skirts, their hems gently swaying with their steps. Horse carriages moved slowly on the cobblestone roads, with an occasional automobile weaving through them.

Finally stepping onto the city of her dreams, Elena's heartbeat accelerated with her quickening pace. Bohr City, compared to the capital Nasir, was almost considered a rural town.

Walking on the street, Elena looked around eagerly, each step felt like stepping into a fairy tale. On each side of the street, exquisite shop windows displayed various artworks and handicrafts, each attracting her gaze.

Moter remained silently smiling, leading her through the bustling market, where stalls displayed a variety of delicious foods and special products. The air was filled with tantalizing aromas, exciting her taste buds.

Elena couldn't resist tasting a few of Nasir's snacks, first furrowing her brow, then relaxing it.

"This one is not good, this one tastes good... so much seafood!"

"That's because this is a port city," Moter couldn't help but laugh, then asked Pitch Black to bring two new bicycles, and together with Elena rode towards their destination.

"Once we have a subway, we will be able to get from the port to Fischer Manor even faster," Moter said.

"A subway? What is a subway?" Elena couldn't help but ask.

"Hmm, it's something that has been in the Lorne Empire for a while now, but we've also learned the related technology. Construction of the first subway line under Nasir has already begun."

Moter smiled as he rode the bicycle beside her, explaining all about subways, leaving Elena utterly astonished, feeling it was a genius design.

Finally, they arrived at the renowned Fischer Manor.

This was the most iconic location of Nasir City.

It was also the residence of the Fischer family, which had withstood warfare for nearly a hundred years, undergoing various repairs and reconstructions.

"This is Fischer Manor," Moter pointed out.

Elena gazed at the manor's grounds shaded by lush trees and blooming flowers, children chasing each other on the lawn, and pigeons leisurely seeking food by the fountain occasionally flapping their wings high into the serene sky.

She took a deep breath, etching the feeling of arriving in Nasir deep into her heart, knowing that no matter where the future took her, this city and every moment spent here would become her most treasured memories.

"Mr. Moter."

Theo, with temples graced by touches of gray, stood in his black tailcoat, upright as he had been for decades, his eyes filled with determination and strength.

As a powerful Extraordinary Exponent of the 5th Rank, his life had been significantly prolonged, with even further hopes for the future.

Now, Theo's role was as the chief butler of the Fischer family, and under him were two other butlers, a man and a woman, who managed the vast majority of mundane affairs within the family. Only those truly important matters, which the direct members of the Fischer family needed to personally handle, were entrusted to Theo.

Moter held great respect for Theo, holding onto his bicycle, he extended his hand with a smile and introduced:

"Mr. Theo, hello, this is Lady Elena, she is also a mid-ranking member of the Dawn Church. We were together in Bohr City fighting against enemies, and then we found something important... Now we have brought it back home together."

"Hello, Lord Theo, I have heard of your name," Elena said, looking at the imposing chief butler, Theo, instinctively feeling a bit intimidated.

"I have heard all about it from Lord Felix," Theo nodded lightly, calmly looking at Elena, appraising her, and then continued in an indifferent tone, "Welcome, Lady Elena."

After arriving at the manor, Elena suddenly pulled on Moter's sleeve and said, "Chris, I would like to meet Lord Chris... He is my favorite idol."

Moter paused, and after a moment of thought, he spoke, "My great-grandfather, he is probably in the cemetery. Since my great-grandmother Vanessa passed away ten years ago, great-grandfather Chris has often been in the cemetery."

Elena blinked slightly and replied,

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"I see, then Lord Chris probably wouldn't want to be disturbed during his mourning. In that case, I will not go there."

Despite not being able to meet her dream idol, Elena felt quite downhearted, but she did not want Lord Chris to feel even slightly uncomfortable.

"Don't be downhearted, there will be other opportunities in the future... Normally, to meet a member of the Fischer family, one has to submit a request letter or introduction at the city hall, but with me here, that won't be necessary," Moter said, frowning slightly, wondering why he felt the urge to show off in front of Elena.

"Hahaha! You're back, Moter!"

Just then, a rotund old man in blue clothes with a full beard laughed heartily as he approached.

"Who is this?" Elena asked quietly.

She remembered the faces of all members of the Fischer family, but seemed not to recognize this man, mainly because the direct lineage of the Fischer family tended to be quite handsome, and this unkempt, rather portly person did not seem to fit.

"Lord Archibald, he is my great-grandfather's best friend, and now he is the Royal Guard General of Cyart," Moter quickly whispered in her ear.

The Royal Guard is a military force newly established in Cyart over the past fifteen years, originally part of the elite in the Cyart Royal Army.

As for the Cyart Royal Knights, composed entirely of Extraordinary Exponents, they are directly under the command of Darren Fischer himself, up until now.

Elena smiled, stepping forward to greet him politely, "Hello, Lord Archibald, my name is Elena Locke, I am from the Locke family, and also a Blood Receiver of the Dawn Church."

"Lady Elena, welcome to Nasir City. The great Lord of the Lost will protect you," Archibald greeted with a smile and then looked at Moter, reaching out to hug the young man but avoided.

"Hahaha, Moter, you're finally back! I've been hearing about your ventures and worrying all along. It's good to have you back, heh heh heh, those heretics are nothing but unworthy scum!"

"Lord Archibald, thank you for your concern. With the protection of the great Lord of the Lost, I won't come to harm," Moter said with a laugh.

However, no sooner had Moter finished speaking than they heard the stern voice of the chief butler, Theo, and at the same time, the commanding figure was quickly approaching.

"There's trouble! Archibald, Moter, come quickly to the family meeting! What's happened is very serious!"

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

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Chapter 518 Saving Karno

"A family meeting of the Fischer family?"

Lady Elena had once seen a painting filled with an artistic atmosphere, the most famous masterpiece of the past decade. It was created by a lady who called herself "Blue," and it depicted a group of men and women in a splendid hall, engaged in heated discussions, some arguing, some nodding in agreement, others gesturing with their hands.

And the name of the painting was precisely "The Family Meeting of the Fischer Family."

That painting seemed to contain some extraordinary power that caught the eye, and everyone who had seen it could not forget it.

So, when she heard that the Fischer family was about to initiate a family meeting, she immediately became excited and couldn't help but ask.

"May I follow and watch?"

"That's probably not going to happen."

Archibald shook his head, laughed heartily, and said solemnly:

"Within the Dawn Church, there are not many who can participate in the family meeting, and even fewer who can vote. Sorry, Lady Elena, you might not yet have the qualification to be an observer."

"I understand."

Lady Elena nodded. She didn't know why, but after coming to Nasir, she often couldn't suppress her excitement, saying things that were a bit out of the ordinary.

"Mr. Theo, High Priest Archibald, I will come over later," Moter said with a smile.

After Archibald and Theo had left, Moter turned to Elena, still smiling, and continued, "Although it is difficult to obtain voting rights, it's absolutely no problem for people from the Dawn Church to attend the meeting and listen in a bit. Your recent accomplishments and your original status mean you actually are qualified; it's just that you haven't received formal permission yet."

"Let's go, I'll take you there."

Elena was dumbfounded, looking incredulously at Moter. A strong joy welled up deep inside her, and her admiration and fondness for Moter grew even further.

Suddenly, she had an inappropriate thought when looking at Moter's smile, but quickly shook her head, knowing that such things were beyond her reach.

Although she too belonged to a great family that had risen in recent years, compared to the Fischer family, they were still very far behind. Moter's partner for a political marriage would definitely be someone with even more power and status.

"What if we're discovered?"

Moter had already weighed the pros and cons, nodding and saying, "Don't worry, although Granny Christine and Uncle Felix might scold me, the others won't say anything."

In the grand and majestic hall adorned with ancient murals and dazzling chandeliers, a family meeting fraught with tension was unfolding. Under the towering ceiling, the gentle lighting couldn't dispel the heavy unease permeating the air.

At the long conference table, direct members of the Fischer family, along with many core members of the Dawn Church, were gathered. The nearly one hundred attendees wore serious, worried expressions, each revealing a profound concern for the future fate of the family.

Exquisite teaware was set on the table but untouched, steam rising slowly in the cool air, then quietly dissipating—much like the subtle emotions in everyone's hearts at the moment.

At the head of the table sat the family head, Christine, still at the 5th Rank, her gaze slowly passing over each relative present. Her eyes, which have seen much of the world's vicissitudes, contained both determination and helplessness.

She began to speak, her voice filled with calm, though the person she referred to was one of the most important to Christine.

"Something has happened to Karno."

"He has suddenly gone missing in the Lorne Empire, and... the Divine Oracle of the Lord of the Lost—High Priest Archer relayed it to me... Karno has gone missing in the Lorne Empire, falling into some strange state between life and death."

As Christine spoke, the atmosphere in the hall grew even tenser, with family members beginning to whisper among themselves, the sounds of discussion mingling with sighs.

It was then that Darren spoke up, his brow furrowed.

"What exactly has happened? As long as there is danger, we can pray to the great Lord of the Lost, and we all can be there to rescue him, can't we?"

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The High Priest of the Dawn Church, Archer, explained:

"Karno now is in a half-alive, half-dead state, unable to make any prayers. It's very likely that he has encountered some danger... As for why he didn't pray in the face of danger."

He paused for a moment then continued:

"It could be because the enemy was too powerful and defeated him instantly, leaving no chance for prayer. There's another possibility... perhaps, the enemy's power is so great that all members of the Fischer family would struggle to defeat it!"

At that, the expressions of the Fischer family members changed in an instant!

...

Heavenly Enlightenment!

They realized that Karno had most likely encountered an enemy of the Heavenly Enlightenment Level, after all, that guy had always been wandering the world. As for going missing in the Lorne Empire... Could it be that Karno encountered Heavenly Enlightenment in the Lorne Empire?

Christine sighed, unable to stop missing her important twin brother.

Legends of the Heavenly Enlightenment Level could even destroy souls. If one died facing Heavenly Enlightenment, then even in death, one couldn't convert to the great Lord of the Lost...

In the corner, however, Chris, who had always been the center of attention, also pondered over his son's issues.

His expression was very serious.

Lady Elena followed the lively youth with a light, curious step, entering the Holy Land that few could reach on a normal day.

Her eyes sparkled with curiosity and anticipation for the unknown world, as if each step she took was on an expedition into the ranks of a High Position Family.

Under the towering ceiling, Elena saw the dignified members of the Fischer family and the Dawn Church's dignitaries--some gray-haired, their eyes reflecting the wisdom of the ages; others in their prime, their brows brimming with the bearing of leaders. They conversed in low tones, lost in thought and contemplation.

She felt an unprecedented shock, as if she could touch the pulse of the Fischer family's legacy through this scene.

Finally, Elena excitedly saw the Chris Fischer, who looked as young as any other man.

"Death God"!

He actually existed in the real world, not just in operas!

It was so exciting, she felt a bit dizzy, her cheeks flushing red, not with romantic affection, but with the thrill of seeing the idol she had worshipped since she was a little girl.

If it weren't for the occasion, the excited Elena would definitely have rushed forward to interact with the legendary "Death God" Chris.

The youth had already noticed her amazement, a smug smile curling on his lips, a natural expression of pride in his family.

How should one put it, such situations were not at all uncommon, the appearance and personality of Chris's great-grandfather, together with his unyielding views on love and his legendary experiences and extraordinary power... Within the eastern reach of the Ouden Continent, there were nearly ten thousand, if not eight or nine thousand girls who worshipped him.

Chris's popularity among the common folk was staggeringly high. Even some opera performers who were skilled at dressing up as Chris and performing could make a fortune, and among the operas in which Elena performed, two were about the legends of Chris, one with Byrne and the other with Vanessa.

In fact, those operas were also promoted with the support of the Fischer family, with the goal of completing the next step of the Path of Tranquility ritual...

"Elena, listen to me..."

He gently introduced the story of each family member to Elena, from the ancestors who had expanded the territory to the scholars of great wisdom, and then to those warriors renowned for their courage and righteousness.

The stories of the Fischer family members were like a string of dazzling pearls, threading together the family's long and illustrious history, captivating the young girl.

Christine continued, "He previously wrote a letter, describing his encounters, it sounds like he's being hunted by the Saint of Sun."

Uncle Felix suddenly spoke up, "The Saint of Sun you mentioned, is it the one from the Terrara Church State?"

"Yes," Christine nodded.

Uncle Felix analyzed very seriously, "That's a difficult situation. He is not only a Heavenly Enlightenment Level legend, he may have even reached the Apocalypse Middle Rank. Even if all of the Fischer family combined forces, they would be no match for him."

"Regardless, we must rescue Karno," Darren suddenly interrupted his son.

Darren had always disapproved of Karno's character, yet he could still suggest such an idea at this moment, making everyone turn to look at him.

"It's not just because he is a member of the Fischer family, but also because Karno has made significant contributions to the resurrection of the Lord of the Lost."

"The Fischer family will not abandon any family member nor any believer who has contributed to the Lord of the Lost, no matter what the cost, we must bring Karno back."

Christine nodded gently, "Yes, this is the reason why the family exists."

"However, let's first gather some intelligence. We need to find out who our enemy is in the Lorne Empire. If it's truly a Heavenly Enlightenment Level existence... We can't confront such an enemy head-on for now; maybe we can ask the Lorne citizens to take action. We don't necessarily have to be adversarial towards Heavenly Enlightenment, we can negotiate."

The Fischer family has deep ties with the interests of the Lorne Empire. The Lorne citizens could definitely negotiate for them with those of the Heavenly Enlightenment on the continent.

High Priest Archer continued, "Besides, we can also request the great Lord of the Lost to send a Divine Envoy."

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Chapter 519 Arriving at Lorne

The family meeting in the Grand Hall continued, with Moter and Elena silently occupying a corner as bystanders, seemingly unnoticed.

In fact, the moment Elena entered, she had already been noticed and watched by many of the strong members of the Fischer family, and they were aware that this woman bore no hostility. Moreover, in everyone's impression, Moter was a smart child, and anyone he brought was deemed a trustworthy individual.

Nevertheless, both Felix and Christine were people who placed great importance on rules, and they couldn't help but feel significant dissatisfaction towards Moter's unilateral decisions and breach of protocol.

However, Moter's punishment would have to wait until after the family meeting.

Christine shook her head lightly, thinking that Moter must be aware of the punishment he would receive, and after weighing the pros and cons, he decided that certain benefits were worth the severity of the punishment. He might even be holding out hope that he might get away with it somehow.

"This child likes to take risks and has a gambler's mentality... somewhat similar to that Lucius."

Suddenly, Duke Darren Fischer walked towards Moter and Elena.

Elena looked at the tall figure, her face slightly changing as a sense of fear and awe inevitably welled up inside her.

Darren's expression was calm. For decades, he could be described as a true visionary. Although he wasn't the real Family Head of the Fischers, the achievements he had made surpassed those of the previous Patriarchs, and he exuded an aura of a monarch honed through battles and dominion.

He didn't intentionally display his dignity, yet his mere movements attracted everyone's attention, and Elena couldn't help but feel awe towards Darren.

Darren simply glanced at Elena without any greeting, as she was not a Cyart person but a Vallere citizen. Instead, he indifferently took out the single-lens glasses "Omnipotent Vision" and then said to Moter:

"Moter, this Forbidden rare artifact was found by you, correct?"

"Yes."

Moter nodded lightly, calmly looking at his great-uncle Darren.

He had always admired figures like Darren, yet he felt such unstable emotions were unnecessary; perhaps he could do even better in the future by learning to always make calm bets.

Moter didn't care about the Fischer family; he simply wanted to become stronger, better, outstanding.

Darren looked at the single-lens glasses in his hand and pondered for a while before saying:

"Its power is sealed and cannot truly manifest; nor can it be offered as a tribute to the great Lord of the Lost just yet."

"We need to unseal it."

The High Priest Archer suddenly spoke, "We need to find a way to break the Seal, and the great Lord of the Lost has given us a Divine Oracle. We simply need to find a true Heavenly Enlightenment, and we can unseal it."

Darren turned his head to Archer and said:

"Hmm, but there are two issues... Why would that Heavenly Enlightenment help us, and after they discover such a significant Forbidden rare artifact, why wouldn't they simply take it by force?"

"That is to say, even single-digit Forbidden rare artifacts are valuable treasures to a Heavenly Enlightenment."

Moter suddenly spoke, "The former is somewhat easier to resolve, as long as we are willing to pay a certain price, the Heavenly Enlightenments of the Lorne Empire would still be willing to help us with some matters."

"But, if they discover that this artifact is indeed a single-digit unique Forbidden rare artifact, as you said, even the legends at the Heavenly Enlightenment Level might be tempted."

He thought for a moment, paused, and then continued, "Can't we rely on the power of 'The Oath' to avoid such an issue?"

Darren shook his head and explained, "Actually, in recent years, the effect of 'The Oath' has been weakening. Even though there is still a price to pay for breaking it, very few die directly from violating 'The Oath' anymore."

This was the first time Moter was hearing about this, and he furrowed his brow tightly before saying, "I see... I suppose even the rule that forbids Heavenly Enlightenment from entering the Eastern Four Kingdoms will one day become ineffective."

After finishing his sentence, he couldn't help but take a deep breath, sensing a potential terrifying future that might exist.

Everyone fell silent at this point, and then, as if by an unspoken agreement, they all turned their gaze towards Chris.

Undoubtedly, although Darren had also finally reached the Seventh Tier not long ago, among all the Fischer family members, the only one who had the most hope to reach the higher Eighth Tier was Chris alone.

Just then, Christine, sitting calmly in her wheelchair, said, "Let's not talk about this for now. I want to ask, who exactly will we choose to go to the Lorne Empire to investigate Karno?"

The rural roads of the Lorne Empire were winding and twisting, with a carriage traveling along the lush fields, the roads made of dirt, and aged by the years, appeared quaint and natural. Wildflowers and grasses swayed in the wind on the roadsides, exuding a faint fragrance.

As the carriage proceeded along the path, one could occasionally see farmhouses and farmlands, with the roofs of the farmhouses mostly covered in thick thatch and the farmers busily tilling the fields, their figures lengthened by the afterglow of the setting sun.

The Fischer family's delegation to the Lorne Empire was led by Uncle Felix, and aside from him, the family members included the "Demonic Woman" Hecate and Moter.

Hecate was strong.

She was the fastest in the Fischer family's history to reach the 5th Rank, and not long ago, Hecate was already on the verge of reaching the Sixth Tier "Retrospector" of the Path of Revelation, and would someday be able to catch up with Karno's progress.

It should be noted that Karno was already a genius, still stuck on the Sixth Tier "Retrospector" of the Path of Revelation, yet his mastery of the Path of Revelation's power was far surpassed by the enigmatic character of Hecate.

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Those who could set foot on the Path of Revelation were all extraordinary, and while the Dawn Church had numerous Blood Receivers, the number of people who had stepped onto the Path of Revelation was still in the single digits.

And no one's rate of progress could be compared to that of Hecate, with many not even reaching the 3rd Rank; Felix even felt that there was a sort of "inhumanity" about Hecate.

It was as if, at all times, she was observing... mere mortals.

In contrast, the "Demonic Woman" Hecate had never truly regarded anyone she saw as her kin, not even blood relatives from the Fischer family.

Felix subconsciously disliked people like Hecate, but he did not say much. As long as she was useful in this operation, Hecate's prophetic abilities were too important for the investigation.

As for why Moter was brought along, that was because of the divine oracle of the great Lord of the Lost...

He had demanded that Moter be brought along, so the Fischer family complied unconditionally, without needing any reason or other cause.

In the carriage, Elena also moved along with Moter. After interacting with Christine, she was temporarily granted the identity of Eye of the Raven to cooperate with everyone in the operation.

She looked at the girl sitting opposite her, the legendary "Demonic Woman" Hecate.

Hecate was already in the form of a young girl, exuding a charm beyond the mortal realm, otherworldly even while sitting in the carriage.

Her hair was like the thin frost that gently covered the snowfield in the early winter dawn, flashing with a soft and mysterious light. Her every movement was unhurried and composed, revealing grace and elegance as if she was an artwork sculpted by time itself.

So beautiful.

In Elena's heart, she could hardly believe that such a beautiful person could exist in the world, even slightly more gorgeous than Lord Chris.

"Are you watching me, Miss Elena?"

Suddenly Hecate turned her head and gazed at Elena, revealing a faint smile.

As she locked eyes with Elena, everything around seemed to come to a halt. Even time itself slowed down and became clear under the scrutiny of those eyes.

It was a gaze that could pierce through the mind and touch the depths of the soul, making one involuntarily indulge in it.

Elena was stunned.

At that moment, Moter suddenly reached out to cover her eyes, smiling calmly, unable to resist saying, "Aunt Hecate, please let her be."

Elena didn't understand the meaning. Hecate chuckled, shaking her head.

"I just wanted to play a game with her."

Moter frowned slightly, and the voice of Felix, driving the carriage, suddenly came through, interrupting their conversation.

"Moter, your great-grandfather will also be going to the Lorne Empire, but he will not be with us. Instead, he will be investigating alone. However, if we need to, we can use alchemy items to communicate with him from a distance and bring him directly over," Felix continued.

Great-grandfather Chris, that man was undoubtedly the family's most powerful trump card! Moter had full confidence in the depths of his heart in Chris's strength!

"We're heading to the capital of Lorne first to meet with Lorne officials... This matter involves legends of the Heavenly Enlightenment Level and must be addressed by Lorne citizens," Felix went on.

Moter listened to Uncle Felix's explanation, suddenly filling his mind with confusion. Why had the great Lord of the Lost issued a Divine Oracle, insisting on his presence...

Given his strength, the power he possessed was not even a tenth of Uncle Felix's, and a hundred of him could not harm Great-Grandfather Chris in the least. Even Aunt Hecate could easily crush him with a flick of her hand.

Why was he also required to come along?

"Yet, there must be profound meaning behind the thoughts of the Lord of the Lost..."

"Moter, what are you thinking about?"

Suddenly, Aunt Hecate spoke up, smiling benignly at Moter.

"Since you want to protect Elena, how about I play a game with you instead? What do you say?"

Elena was completely clueless, not understanding the deeper meaning of this "game."

Moter laughed heartily, nodded, and smiled, "Of course, Aunt Hecate, whatever game you'd like to play, I am more than willing to indulge!"

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

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Chapter 520 Diamond Man

The Capital of Ten Thousand Cities, Kennas, has had many dealings with the Reforging Church over the decades, thanks to the "Reforging Revolution" that gradually brought about many groundbreaking changes. It was perpetually enveloped in a filmy veil of mist, ingeniously concealing the soaring towers, intricate pipelines, and steam-driven colossal machines.

These giant steam machines emitted deep, rhythmic roars, like the city's heartbeat, constantly infusing life force into this vast mechanical world.

On either side of the city streets stood buildings meticulously crafted from brass and steel, their surfaces covered with intricate gears, dials, and steam pipelines. Each building seemed like a giant steam automaton, ready to awaken and spring into action at any moment.

Vehicles of all shapes and sizes powered by steam traveled on the streets and in the sky. From the elegant carriage-style steam sedans on the ground to the massive, multi-section steam trains in the air, they busily weaved through a network of complex tracks and roads, leaving behind trails of white steam that formed a dynamic web.

Many pedestrians donned exquisite top hats and carried pocket watches inlaid with gemstones, exuding an aura akin to nobility with every step they took.

In the heart of the Capital of Ten Thousand Cities, Kennas, stood a colossal Steam Bell Tower, the energy core of the entire city. At nightfall, the top of the bell tower would burst into a brilliant glow. This glow resulted from combining forbidden knowledge from the Spirit Realm with the technology of the God of Reforging and using precise mechanical alchemy devices to transform the energy within extraordinary materials into light energy, illuminating the entire massive city, and cloaking the fog-shrouded mechanical metropolis in a dreamy silver veil.

For decades, the Lorne Empire's Extraordinary Exponents and engineers worked side by side, melding ancient extraordinary powers with the advanced scientific technologies of the Reforging Church, creating marvels that seemed unbelievable.

Deep within Kennas lay an opulent mansion belonging to the Prime Minister "Diamond Man" William Pitt, established a decade ago. It not only symbolized one of the empire's powers but also represented the pinnacle of a perfect meld between art and science.

The William family's mansion was named "Place of Pure Silver," nestled in a meticulously manicured garden. The main structure was supported by a steel framework plated with pure silver, its surface studded with countless tiny mechanical

gears and finely carved crests, sparkling dazzlingly in the sunlight like an immense piece of mechanical art.

At this moment, a party from the Fischer family arrived at the Place of Pure Silver.

As Moter took in all he had seen along the way, he fully realized that while both the Cyart people and Nasir had aspects to be proud of, they still fell short compared to the mighty Lorne Empire.

"Tsk, one day, both the Fischer family and the Cyart people will stand shoulder to shoulder with the Lorne citizens, no, we shall become even stronger than the Lorne citizens," he muttered to himself, his pride built up over many years never fading.

"The future of the Fischer family will definitely become a reality because..."

As he was about to continue, Moter suddenly fell silent. Even though there was no one around, he remained highly vigilant and would not mention the great Lord of the Lost in some insecure locations outside.

The number of followers within the Dawn Church increased year by year, and revelations about the Lord of the Lost had actually surfaced more than once or twice over the years, with the Fischer family expending considerable resources to conceal the secret each time.

Felix spoke calmly, "When you meet Prime Minister William, you all need to learn to show some respect."

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His son, Carter Fischer, had married one of William's daughters and even fathered a daughter, Perona Fischer.

Initially, Prime Minister William had hoped that Perona would bear the surname Pitt, but the Fischer family paid a certain price and finally succeeded in bringing Perona to their side.

With Felix and Prime Minister William being relatives by marriage, their relationship was decent. It wasn't particularly close, but there was at least a basic sense of family affection.

The party entered the Place of Pure Silver, and the first thing that caught their eyes was a vast atrium, with a colossal clock made of intricate machinery standing in the center. It not only kept time accurately but its complex interior mechanism also adjusted the indoor lighting and temperature based on minute changes in the external environment, ensuring that every inch of space within the mansion remained in the most comfortable state.

Surrounding the clock was a gently flowing stream of crystals, with mechanical fish the size of a finger swimming freely in the water.

"It's so beautiful... Everything here makes me feel filled with life force," Felix couldn't help but exclaim.

As an Extraordinary Exponent on the Path of Forging, he had a deep-seated fondness for sophisticated machinery and alchemy creations.

Moter and the others were also looking at everything inside the mansion, knowing that many of them had been personally completed by the "Brass Gear," a Cardinal of the Reforging Church. In reality, due to the wars of the past, the Fischer family had always harbored enmity towards the Reforging Church. Although there had been cooperation later on, they still hoped not to encounter anyone from the Reforging Church here.

The interior design of the mansion was breath-taking. Each room was like an independent art gallery, adorned with precious artworks from multiple worlds, ranging from classical oil paintings to futuristic sculptures, from gigantic tentacles to figures made entirely of stone – it had everything one could imagine.

What was most astonishing was the mansion's basement, which concealed a massive mechanical library. The shelves were filled with valuable books and scrolls, while the entire library operated on a complex steam-powered system. The shelves would move automatically, and even more miraculously, at the center of the library, there was a Mechanical Alchemy Prophecy Machine capable of predicting the future, providing guidance for Prime Minister William's decision-making.

Finally, in the largest room, the members of the Fischer family came face-to-face with Prime Minister William.

He was the man known as the "Diamond Man," William Pitt.

Lower Level of Apocalypse!

"Prime Minister, hello, it has been a long time, may the Gods protect you," Felix said to his relation by marriage, showing a faint smile and speaking with considerable respect.

"It has indeed been a long time, Lord Felix. I wonder if my current grandeur has frightened you," William replied.

The Prime Minister sat leisurely in his chair, his gray, elegant, neatly-tailored suit accentuating his figure, his eyes flashing with golden light—a result of precise magical modifications. His fingers were fitted with tiny mechanical devices, and his exposed heart had been replaced with a "Mechanical Heart" made of the purest magic crystals and precision mechanical parts, providing him with endless energy and perfectly balancing the forces of magic and technology.

Although he was a powerful Lower Level of Apocalypse, the Prime Minister didn't exude any disconcerting aura. He was like an ordinary person without extraordinary power.

However, Moter and the others were well aware that Prime Minister William was a genuine powerhouse, one of the legendary spellcasters who ranked among the top few in the world.

Even though his strength was slightly inferior to that of the Emperor of Lorne and the Iron Blood Marshal, he was still a formidable existence that could not be underestimated.

Fortunately, such a person was related to the Fischer family by marriage, and the alliance between the two was a very good decision.

Felix was actually a bit embarrassed.

Because the current Prime Minister William was completely aligned with the Reforging Church, hailed as "The Mechanical Heart, The Soul of Magic," and was the embodiment of wisdom and power of this city.

Yet Felix himself was counted as one of the greatest traitors in the history of the Reforging Church. Although, due to the Divine Oracle of the God of Reforging, the Church had chosen to disseminate the various technologies mentioned in the Oracle to the Eastern Four Kingdoms, all the believers still harbored dissatisfaction towards the Fischer family and were full of hate and disgust for Felix.

Despite such awkwardness, Prime Minister William was still the person most affiliated with the Fischer family within the Empire.

"Prime Minister William, a member of the Fischer family has gone missing in the Imperial Capital, and we need your help... because the person likely responsible for our family member's disappearance might be a powerful Apocalypse," said Felix.

"Oh? Apocalypse?"

Prime Minister William fell into deep thought, expressionless, speaking as if he were a true machine: "I think I might know who it is because, besides the three known Apocalypse of the Lorne Empire, there's only one other person who could be in the capital."

"Who?" Felix immediately frowned, asking with vigilance.

After a moment of silence, Prime Minister William still gave an answer.

"The sole ruler of the southern Terell Church State for a thousand years, the Sun God's embodiment of sunlight, the Sun Saint revered by countless people, the very one we often speak of, the Child of the Sun God!"

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